

The Freeman

VOL. I. No. 15.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1920

15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 337

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Nascetur Ridiculus Mus, 340
New Ways of War, 340
Hobson's Choice, 341
An Interesting Exhibit, 342
After the Battle, 343
Thomas Hardy, 344

Weimar's Kindly Ghosts, by B. U. Burke, 344
Dementia Diplomatica, by T. McN., 345

A Man Versus the Law, by William Carlos Williams, 348
Tempting British Labour, by Arthur Gleason, 349
Re-readings and Revisions, Michael Monahan, 351

POETRY

The House of Words; The Tragic Poets to Windmills, by Mary Carolyn Davies, 352

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

At Montreal, by Edwin Newdick, 353; Gulliver Among the Lilliputians, by M. D., 353; Useful Information, by Hendrik Willem, 353; To Manchester University Alumni, by I. L. Kandel, 353; Mill on Intolerance, by R. G., 353

PAINTING

A Modern Art Exhibition, by Walter Pach, 354

MISCELLANY, 355

MUSIC

Coming Events, by F. N. and J. H., 356

BOOKS

Lowell at his Best, 357
Shorter Notices, 358
A Reviewer's Note-Book, 358

CURRENT COMMENT.

ABOUT the only positive thing that came out of the Chicago Convention was the victory of organized labour in its refusal to allow the telegraph companies to run wires into the Coliseum. A political convention without its own wires, to flash conveniently and instantly to a supposedly eager world the momentous information that so-and-so is leading on the ninth ballot, had always been unimaginable. But this year organized labour, being at outs with the telegraph companies, laconically said "nothing doing," and nothing was done. When a political organization representing the privilege and wealth of the country has to bow to the dictates of a mere labour-union in so small a matter as the stringing of telegraph-wires, one wonders what it would do with a larger order. Does it not seem that as far as actual power is concerned, political organization is something like Lincoln's tug-boat—if it was Lincoln's—that had a three-foot boiler and a six-foot whistle?

At last report, the slush-fund for General Wood had gone up to over a million and a quarter. Now that the nomination has gone elsewhere, the contributors will probably write off this patriotic investment to profit and loss. The general investigation into the sources of campaign-funds may be continued up to the election, unless they all get satisfactorily investigated before that time, which is not likely. Next to the campaigns themselves, the most foolish thing going seems to be all this pious furore over boodle. Everyone who knows his right hand from his left knows what "necessary expenses" mean, knows the sources that are regularly tapped to meet them, and knows the obligations incurred in the transaction. Why then play up an outraged morality? The spectacle of a gang of politicians engineering an investigation of slush-funds in the name of public morals is an anomaly of the first order; and the solemnity of the performance would make a graven image laugh itself to death.

PROHIBITION is fast upon us, copper-riveted by the decision of the Supreme Court. The Eighteenth Amendment is constitutional and proper, properly adopted and promulgated, and everything is shipshape and regular. State rights cut no figure, and "concurrent power" appears to mean acceptance by the States of whatever

definition of an intoxicant the Congress may set forth from time to time. The net result of the decision is that the question is henceforth a permanent element in national politics. There is profit in this arrangement for lobbyists on both sides and some also for Congressmen on both sides. It insures the continued existence of the Anti-Saloon League; also the prospect of recurrent irruptions into politics by what is known for some curious reason as the "moral element" in our society. All this is rather futile. If we were to have prohibition, why not have settled it, once for all, as prohibition? The next Congress may be a twelve per cent Congress; the next, three and a half; the next, one-half of one; the next, forty; and so on, as political exigencies require. What respect can any one have for a measure that opens the way to such endless thimble-rigging as lies before us?

PRESIDENT WILSON last week addressed a message to the railwaymen in which he broadcasted blame upon the Congress for failure to act upon the high cost of living, and for various other shortcomings. It must be evident to all, he said, that the dominating motive which has actuated this Congress is political expediency rather than lofty purpose to serve the public welfare. This is a great truth, and if Mr. Wilson is the first to discover it, he ought to have credit for the achievement. But does he know even by hearsay, of any Congress that had any dominating motive other than political expediency? If so, he has made a far greater discovery and should lose no time about announcing it. Mr. Lodge, on the other hand, in his key-note speech at the Convention, returns Mr. Wilson's animadversions with interest, making him out to be a very difficult person who withstood the noble aspirations of the Congress and nullified its disinterested labours with his vindictive vetoes. The fact is, as sometimes is the case in controversies of this kind, that both are right. Mr. Lodge sees Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wilson sees the Congress quite with the eyes of others, and the sight is depressing.

THERE is a vast deal of delving done by statisticians just now into what is known as profiteering. Mr. Lauck's investigations show a 300 per cent profiteering in sugar, 400 per cent in meat-packing, 375 per cent in milling, and enormous excess profits in coal, shoes, copper, dress-goods, clothing, and steel. According to another expert, the corporations of the country, after paying all their taxes, cleaned up a total net swag of thirty-four billion dollars in the last four years. Reports from England show that the statistician is busy there too. The Cunard Steamship Company, according to the published exhibit, raked off something over forty million dollars profit since 1914.

ALL this is impressive enough in its way, but somehow this paper could never get up a great deal of tootle over stories of war-profiteering. What are wars for, anyway? The American people let themselves be stampeded into a war that they now see for themselves, and have President Wilson's word for it, to boot—given, to be sure, when it would do no good—was a straight trade-war. They can not even plead that their foresight could not be as good as their hindsight, for the history of every modern war lies open to them, and they had plenty of warning about this one. They worked feverishly to

produce the very conditions under which they would be fair game for the profiteer of every kind and degree; and if they are now being mulcted as Mr. Lauck and Mr. Manly say they are, and as this paper fully believes they are, they have no one but themselves to blame. They had only hard words, mobbings, lynchings and the like, for those who tried to tell them what they were letting themselves in for; and therefore sympathy with them under the regime of the profiteer seems misplaced and gratuitous.

A LOUD cry has gone up from the Western farms for immigrant labour, and apparently none is to be had. The farmers blame the lure of city life, but that is a rather superficial estimate of the situation. There are not many immigrants available, and if organized labour can have its way, there will not be many. The only way that the exploiters of labour can oust labour from its present predominance is to create a labour-surplus through immigration or lockouts or both. Organized labour is aware of this and proposes to see to it that the United States enters into no international competition for man-power. Whether it will succeed or not depends merely upon the length it is willing to go and the weapons it is willing to use in order to succeed. Beyond question, the one thing needful to establish reaction firmly in this country and to rehabilitate the old order as a formidable going concern, is a labour-surplus. Friends of the old order, therefore, may know what to toil and pray for, and its enemies may know what to guard against.

ACCORDING to Secretary Meredith, we are using timber four times as fast as we are growing it, three-fifths of the original timber of the country is gone, there are 2,215,000 million feet of timber left, and there has been no marked change in the concentration of ownership of timber in the last ten years. If these facts are correct, it does not take a born mathematician to see where we are coming out. Nor in view of the last fact, does it take any great shakes of an economist, provided he be not university-trained, to say what should be done. Timber is a natural resource of uncommon importance, and when our whole available domestic supply is as short as it is and as thoroughly monopolized as the Smith report showed it to be a dozen years ago, the case seems to be one for what the newspapers might call drastic action. In default of a better suggestion, how about a little taxation, say something like a hundred cents in the dollar, on the privilege of holding that timber? The proceeds would come in handy for financing the Forest Service, the monopoly would be broken up, and no end of timber-land would be made available for reforestation.

THE suffering Belgians who were the objects of so much commiseration in the early days of the war, have come forward with an interesting proposition in the shape of a loan, amounting to something like fifty million dollars, which they wish to float in this country and have apparently succeeded in getting taken up. They offer pawnbroker's interest. The investor may get eight and a half per cent straight, and if he happens to hold the lucky number of a bond that is retired the first year, he will claw off rather better than twenty-four per cent. A few more opportunities like this will raise the very old Harry with the interest-rate here at home. But what does Belgian labour think about this? Somebody has to pay those interest-charges, and Belgian labour ought to make itself certain as to who that somebody is.

IN all the furore over housing and house-rents, no mention was ever made of the primary source of our trouble, namely the private monopoly of ground-rents. We went to the front with an assortment of ineffectual and silly legislative measures "to check profiteering"—measures that even a half-witted landlord can drive a horse and wagon through—but refrained from taking any steps

against his sacrosanct privilege. The English in this matter, are wiser and better educated. Their Union of Carpenters publishes a statement giving as the first reason for high house-rents "the enhanced price of building-land" due to the fact that "the Government has made no attempt to break the land-monopoly." It pledges itself "to help in any movement which will strike at the root of the trouble—monopoly." When one or two of our labour-unions acquire that much wisdom and begin to bring appropriate pressure to bear on our legislatures, then there will be something doing in politics that is really worth talking about.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE has followed a long road, paved with bad intentions, in order finally to arrive on common ground with those who were advocating trade with Soviet Russia during all the time that Mr. George's Government was financing Russian counter-revolutionary governments and campaigns. The British Premier has somehow lately discovered that

It is a new doctrine that you must approve the habits and customs of any government before trading, and to continue to refuse to trade with Russia so long as the Bolshevik Government is in power would be an act of gross folly.

The Premier has made other interesting discoveries. He has discovered that Russia is needed in the world's reconstruction and that Britain can not crush Bolshevism without the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives and the addition of thousands of millions to the national debt. Mr. George's new-found common-sense will no doubt be gratifying to the Soviets and their sympathizers abroad, even if it did have to reach him by the round-about way of Archangel, the Caucasus and Persia.

A REPORT comes to this country by way of Paris, that the Soviet Government has decided to send a mission to England to study the condition of the British proletariat. There is a gentle and caustic humour about this suggestion that is very attractive. Many years ago, when slumming-parties were popular in our upper circles, *Life* drew a sketch of a delegation from the East Side invading Fifth Avenue to return the compliment. The late Count Tolstoy once moused around in the slums of London, and reported his experiences and observations. Prince Kropotkin also might be able to suggest some points of interest to the prospective mission. It is to be hoped, though hardly to be expected, that no obstacle will be put in the way of this fascinating project. A comprehensive report on English industrial towns such as William Cobbett gruffly called *Hell-holes*, written from the point of view of the Soviet Government, by as competent a pen as Chicherin's, for instance, would be a rare treat. One would miss the ball-games for a week, if necessary, to read it. Then, after England, why not a pilgrimage to our own steel towns in Pennsylvania or to the mill towns of New England, the mining towns of Colorado and West Virginia and the communities of exploited farm-tenantry in the South-west? Why should England have such marked attention and this great and proud country get none?

ALTHOUGH the news that Poland is about to send a "peace-note" to Russia preceded by four days the announcement that the Bolsheviks had recaptured Kiev, it may be hazarded that coming military events cast their shadows at least that far ahead. If the loss of Kiev is considered to be more than a balance for Polish gains on the Beresina, it is because the Ukrainian alliance is and always has been extremely precarious. If the Poles show signs of giving way along the Dnieper, the Ukrainians may well take the opportunity to repudiate General Petlura, and make a separate peace with Russia. The Czecho-Slovakian mobilization has given Warsaw another push in the direction of sweet reasonableness; for even Poland can hardly hope to hold off the Czechs with one hand while she defeats Russia with the other. The argument as to whether

or not Polish national interest requires the erection of a buffer-State on the Polish-Russian frontier has already resulted in the disruption of the Polish cabinet, which would indicate that there is some measure of disunity at Warsaw. And when M. Patek gets back from Paris with the Czechs' proposals in regard to the Teschen district, he will probably be able to stir up dissension of another sort. As a matter of fact, nobody really objects to the control of Poland by Poles, but the attempts of these pestiferous people to spread all over Eastern Europe have gotten them into a lot of trouble, of which the end is not yet in sight.

THE Hungarian Cabinet, says a recent dispatch, has been forced out because of its failure to suppress the White Terror which has been carried on for months by the "Society of Awakening Hungarians" and by army officers of the old regime. It is significant that the fall of the Cabinet followed close upon the announcement of a blockade of Hungary by the International Federation of Trade-Unions, to begin 20 June and last while the White Terror continues. Apparently there was no force left in Hungary strong enough to cope with the Terror; and as for the Allied Governments, they have been notoriously indifferent to its depredations. It remained for the organized labour of the world, borrowing a leaf from the Allies' book of tactics, to fight it by means of that most potent of weapons against a starving country, the economic blockade. The Government which tolerated the outrages of the White Terrorists fell at the mere threat of blockade, and it is safe to say that the zeal of the White crusaders will quickly peter out before the prospect of being isolated from the rest of the world through determined action on the part of international labour.

FOR nicety of taste in the matter of revolutions, one naturally looks to people who have had much experience in this line. In Mexico, for instance, the sort of performance that brought Huerta *vice* Obregon to power may be carried on with full social approval. No fundamental economic or political question turns upon the issue of these Roman games; and as long as the underlying population continues to provide the surplus humanity and the surplus food required by the several leaders, there is little prospect that the serial performance will come to an end. But it is possible that in the course of time the people will grow weary of this battle above the clouds—the Mexican version of "big business." In that glad day there will be bolsheviks in Mexico, and every old-style revolutionist will celebrate his conquest of power by taking a large number of new-style revolutionists to the edge of the country and dropping them over. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this practice has already been inaugurated, very modestly, by the new Provisional Government. For it seems that the printer's ink was hardly dry on the proclamation which proclaimed the overthrow of Carranza, when the Administration put forth a righteous order expelling five "bolsheviks" from their peaceful and prosperous country.

It is written that "bread and circuses" have kept more than one government long in power on the Capitol Hill of Rome; but history has not yet recorded the full account of King Emmanuel's attempt to rule his people as they were ruled in the days of Augustus Cæsar, with free bread and free games for everybody. The Adriatic adventure will do well enough as a circus; and if it has not turned out to be a Roman triumph, meriting a parade as long as Trajan's, the Jugoslavs and the Albanians are certainly more to blame than the Government that has kept the doors of the Temple of Janus wide open these many months. Indeed it seems that the Italians of today are not so unanimously responsive to the appeal of military glory as were their classic ancestors. With Italian forces in danger of being driven into the Adriatic by the revolting Albanians, seamen and railway-

workers up and down the Kingdom of Italy have launched new strikes to block the eastward movement of troops and munitions; and it is now reported that the north of Italy is in turmoil, with transportation lines out of commission and bodies of troops in revolt.

THE Italian Government has failed signally in its attempts to provide the country with a military triumph, and many of the people on their part have lost their taste for the games and pageants in the grand style. When a people begin thus to grow tired of circuses, the time is by no means opportune for tampering with their bread-supply. Premier Nitti learned as much when he attempted to put through a decree raising the price of bread, and lost office on the issue. It is said that Giolitti is due to come next to power, bringing with him a Cabinet from which all pro-war elements are carefully excluded. Just what anti-war and pro-German policies can have to do with the domestic situation in Italy today it is hard to see. More to the point is the report that Giolitti is prepared to insist upon the exact execution of the Pact of London. Since he comes to office as the result of a quarrel over the price of bread, he will probably insist also upon the continuance of the bread-subsidy which cost Italy eight billion lire last year. In other words, he has little to offer his countrymen besides the grain and the glory that kept Nitti on the crest so long.

THE professor of political economy at the University of Paris is reported to be father of the proposition that France should pay off her debt to this country by turning over some of her colonial possessions. This rather reminds one of the late Max Adeler's story of the Potts' iron wedding which coincided with a bargain-sale of flatirons at the local hardware-store. When the guests retired, Potts and his wife counted up the presents and found that they had one hundred and forty-four flatirons, one stand and a cow-bell. There is nothing interesting about this proposition from Paris, except to the avarice of exploiters and the enterprise of office-seekers who see the chance of governorships and the like. Probably the French West Indian possessions would form part of the donation, and why should we want those?—we have enough hot weather now.

A YOUNG student of the Socialist persuasion is reported as having been denied his degree at the Albany law-school. If this sort of thing keeps on, Socialists are in a fair way to have no legal rights that a white man is bound to respect. In the State of New York, they are denied naturalization, denied the right of representation—that is, they are virtually disfranchised—but without abatement of liability to taxation; and now they appear to be shut off from the practice of law. They still may serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and no doubt will continue eligible for such service as long as a labour-surplus remains a desideratum. But for the rest, they seem reduced to the condition of mere skulkers, wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins, in dens and caves of the earth. This way of dealing with human beings, if kept up long enough, produces one result and one only; and those who advocate it deserve no pity in the day of reckoning, and will find none.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Francis Neilson and Albert Jay Nock. Associate editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Walter G. Fuller, Clara La Follette and Gerold Robinson. Published weekly by The FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huebner, President, 32 West 58th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. Copyright, 1920, by The Freeman, Inc. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS.

AFTER a prodigal outpouring of boodle and buncombe, the Grand Old Party nominated Messrs. Harding and Coolidge upon a platform that says less in more words than any public document published since Mr. Dooley wrote his celebrated presidential message, back in McKinley's time. There is nothing to be said about the candidates except that their names are Harding and Coolidge; or about the platform except the fact just noted. This paper can only record a melancholy satisfaction at this elaborate and expensive vindication of its own point of view upon routine partisan politics. Presently it will be again vindicated at San Francisco; more boodle, more buncombe, another pair of puppets nominated upon a mere variant of the platform emanating from Chicago, a platform wherein anything can be made to mean anything. It is hard to see how this continuous panorama of impudent foolery can be taken seriously by any one. Its motive is so obvious, its purpose and intention so clear, its control so manifest, that one marvels at the persistence wherewith the popular pretences about it are kept up. One of the oddest anomalies that will beset the historian of our period is that so much good white paper is sacrificed to record for the perusal of the decent citizen, the insignificant and squalid performances of a gang of men who are so venal, so meretricious, so boldly and professionally inimical to the welfare of human society, that the same decent citizen, if he followed his instincts, would set the dog on any of them who ventured into his back yard.

NEW WAYS OF WAR.

It is commonly said that, as a result of the Great War, the Government of the United States is to-day confronted with questions which can be solved only by the formulation of new policies. Perhaps this is in a large measure true; and yet the solution of one of our most hotly debated problems—the problem of American-Russian relations—can be arrived at by the simple expedient of returning to the best and most generally accepted tradition of American foreign policy.

In the early days of American independence, Thomas Jefferson laid down "the catholic principle of republicanism, to wit, that every people may establish what form of government they please, and change it as they please." From the first, it was the common practice of the American Government to act on this "catholic principle" by according quick recognition to new governments wherever they might arise. In other words, it became the policy of the American Republic to "limit recognition . . . to a mere formality of diplomatic intercourse and leave it entirely without constructive function." This tendency to recognize all *de facto* governments as *de jure*, was the natural outgrowth of the revolutionary origin of the United States, and its early application to our relations with the countries of Latin America was most serviceable to the cause of republicanism. On the other hand, the readiness with which recognition was accorded to the Emperor Napoleon I and to Louis XVIII shows that the American Government was committed to a general policy of "de-facto-ism," without reference to the results in a particular case.

A government which adopts this policy, thereby forfeits the right to impose any conditions as the price of recognition, or to judge the governments of other countries by any standards of its own, however high they may be. To take any other attitude is to assert a principle of "legitimacy"—monarchist or republican, and thereby to give the recognition-process the character of intervention abroad in behalf of a domestic ideal.

The United States Government took no such self-righteous attitude toward the counter-revolutionary governments of Napoleon I, Louis XVIII and Napoleon III in France; and—to come down to the immediate present—the Government of Mannerheim in Finland was certainly not measured by distinctly American standards. The existence of a *de facto* government which controls a considerable portion of the area and population of Russia is now everywhere acknowledged. If the Administration has any thought for the maintenance of the Jeffersonian tradition, recognition should come as a matter of course.

To argue this matter on any other grounds without this prefatory statement, would be to admit that the American State Department has the right to use the recognition-process as a means of directing the affairs of other nations—an admission which we must decline to make. With this by way of introduction, certain moral and practical aspects of Russian recognition may now be discussed without prejudice to the main proposition.

In the first place, it should be perfectly plain that non-recognition in this case is not the equivalent of neutrality in time of war. Neutrality implies the maintenance of intercourse with all belligerents on equal terms, while the refusal of recognition amounts practically to a blockade of the outlawed country. Even if foreign trade had not been nationalized in Russia, there would be no possibility of a resumption of commercial relations with the people of that country without a prior acknowledgment of the existence of the Soviet Republic. The difficulties in the way of maintaining credit-relations, enforcing contracts, and arranging for the exchange of letters and cablegrams would prove a sufficient bar to the establishment of commercial relations, even if the condition of outlawry did not tempt imperialistic ambitions and tend to breed intrigue and war.

To argue that the policy of non-recognition is aimed at the Government of Russia and not at the people is to lose sight of the interdependence of diplomatic and commercial relations. As a matter of fact, political ostracism and the consequent limitation of trade will affect the rulers of Russia directly and deeply, only if they share the lot of the people in general—the people who are presumably our friends. If the rulers are indeed tyrants, they and their favourites will be able to feed themselves, while the people starve. If, on the other hand, we are attempting indirectly to crush the Government by bringing about an uprising of the people themselves, then we are guilty of propagandist activities compared with which those of Bolshevik agents are nothing; the "red agent" can do no more than take advantage of existing misery and discontent, while the anti-Bolshevik Governments are deliberately creating ruin as a stimulus to revolt. Non-recognition therefore constitutes, in the last analysis, the use of a weapon already employed with good effect against Imperial Germany. But the only excuse for blockading Germany was that we were at war with the people of that

country, as well as the Government; in the case of Russia we have no war with either the Government or the people—and yet we are attempting directly or indirectly to overthrow the Government, by what amounts to an act of war against a people already suffering every sort of misery.

This ruinous business of setting fire to all of Russia in order to burn out the Bolsheviki is wholly indiscriminate, not only as regards the Russians, but also in its effects upon Central Europe. In his report on conditions east of the Rhine and the Alps, Mr. Henry P. Davison says that artificial economic barriers are in a large measure responsible for famine and disease now rampant in this region. But Mr. Davison makes no specific mention of the strongest economic barrier of all—the barrier that cuts Russia off from the economic life of Europe. Before the war, Russia's chief exports were corn, flour, buckwheat, timber, flax, eggs and dairy-produce; there is no hope that normal conditions can be restored in Central Europe until this trade is re-established. "Relief" amounts simply to giving out with one hand a very small measure of what we hold back with the other. Even if it is admitted then, for the sake of argument, that we have a right to maintain a policy calculated to weaken the Russian Government—with which we are at peace—non-recognition must be judged an immoral and vicious means of affecting this end, for the reason that it places intolerable burdens indiscriminately upon all the peoples of Russia, and of Central Europe as well.

The opponents of recognition are giving the Bolsheviki themselves a lesson in violence. At the height of the terror, the revolutionists killed only their enemies—but to-day the Powers are reducing two-thirds of a continent to a desert in the hope that at last their enemies will perish in the midst of it.

If for argument's sake, we admit not only the loftiness of the aims of the anti-Bolshevists, but the high moral quality of the means employed, we may still question the practical worth of non-recognition as a method of crushing Bolshevism. Non-recognition amounts essentially to a perpetuation of the blockade policy; like the blockade it will probably drive the people to united action against what they consider an anti-Russian rather than an anti-Bolshevist attitude on the part of the Powers. The testimony of experience is that every bit of foreign pressure brought to bear upon Russia has resulted in a closer regimentation of the people under Bolshevik leadership.

As long as recognition is withheld, no means short of actual war are available for bringing special pressure to bear in case of special transgressions by the Soviet Government. But the very act of recognition will transfer the responsibility for Russia's future from the Allied Governments, where it is now assumed to rest, to the Soviet Government. If the Soviet Government then falls short of its international obligations, the other Governments will be in a position to take action which will not involve the whole people in ruin. And—what is much more important—the Russian people themselves will have the opportunity to test the efficiency of their new economic and political system under more nearly normal conditions, and to destroy this system root and branch if it does not meet their needs.

Since it has been shown that recognition is the necessary precedent to the re-opening of trade, and to the operation of the Soviet experiment under conditions which will prove beyond doubt whether the new

system is worthy or worthless, neither the enemies nor the friends of the Soviet Republic should be afraid to subject the Bolshevik Government to the burdens of a peace-time test unprejudiced by international out-lawry.

The refusal to recognize this *de facto* government is more than un-American: it is immoral, because it punishes the innocent together with those who are held to be guilty; and it is impractical, because it is calculated to increase the very ills it aims to cure. When the unfairness and brutality of non-recognition are once understood, the people will know that there can be no compromise between American democracy and this new doctrine of Executive intervention by indiscriminate starvation.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"FRANCE," said General Smuts in his recent interview with a correspondent of the *London Chronicle*, "without the assent of her partners in the alliance, adopts most drastic military measures against Germany, calculated, one would suppose, to destroy the last vestige of Government and to bring her to the condition of Russia." The General told unpalatable truth when he made that statement, along with several other calculated to rate him with Frank Anstey, the member of the Australian Parliament who went to jail for being too undissembling about European conditions. If anything were needed to make manifest the senility of the French Government, its attitude towards Germany since the armistice would be that thing. French politicians have behaved towards Germany like querulous, timid, avaricious old men. They wanted to kill the goose and have the golden egg too, and their every action has tended to drive the German nation into the state of chaos in which the recent elections are reported to have left it.

Because it is already well known, it is not necessary to dwell here on the fact that the French Government more than any of its allies, was responsible for the post-armistice blockade of Germany which lasted through all the long months of "peacemaking." Suffice it merely to note that it was that blockade, coupled with economic disintegration due to the war and the revolution, which added the finishing touch to Germany's ruin, bringing that country to the point where it could not have borne the burden of even moderately severe peace-conditions. With this preparation Clemenceau & Co. placed upon the shoulders of the German people a treaty of such vindictiveness as the world has never known before, and then proceeded to place every possible obstacle in the way of its fulfillment. To a sentence of hard labour they added slow torture. The Council of Versailles apparently struggled with a dual purpose. It wanted to kill Germany, and it wanted to keep her alive that it might exact tribute. It devised an ugly weapon to use against her, but was unable to contrive a way in which its two purposes might be co-ordinated. This failure is at the bottom of the French fretfulness. They want Germany dead and they want her alive and paying; and because they can not have her both ways, their statesmen periodically fill the air with lamentation.

And how has all this reacted upon Germany? The sharp extremist bent of the elections furnishes the best answer. At the one extreme stand the reactionaries, pointing to a revival of the old regime and pan-Germanism. Both the Nationalist or Mon-

archist party and the German People's party, which represents the wealth of the country, are opposed to the treaty as it stands, and both made considerable gains in the election. The Nationalists won sixty-five seats as against forty-two in the preceding Reichstag, while the People's party won sixty-one seats as against twenty-two in the old body. Naturally the French Government would be afraid of a reactionary Germany, not only because it would oppose enforcement of the treaty, but also because it would mean the return of the old military order, the old pan-German sentiment, and the old Franco-phobia, which official France has always feared, and would fear now, because of the country's weakened state, with better reason than ever—especially since it is now Germany's turn to work and wait for *la revanche*.

At the opposite extreme stand the Independent Socialists, pointing towards Moscow and proletarianism. This party has gained enormously in numbers since it separated from the Majority Socialists last year and declared allegiance to the Moscow International. It gained heavily in the elections from the Majority Socialists and the other moderate parties, winning eighty seats in the new Reichstag as against twenty-two seats in the old. It stands for government of, for, and by the proletariat, and would probably repudiate the obligations of the old regime, including the peace treaty. The strength of this party is, perhaps, even more uncertain and disturbing to the French official mind than that of the reaction, for whereas the reaction, though menacing, would still preserve political government intact, a Government of Independent Socialists, backed by a victorious Russian Soviet Government would bring the heretical forces of administrative government, with a formidable front, up to the very gates of Paris. France, in other words, would find herself next door to the contagious ward.

Between the two extremes stand the moderate forces of the Coalition, comprising the Majority Socialists, the Democrats, and the Centrists, and pointing nowhere. Because, in its struggle to maintain itself in power at home and make itself acceptable to the Allies abroad, it has been afraid to do anything positive, the Coalition Government has won the distrust and aversion of both reactionaries and Socialists. Both extremes, though for different reasons, hate it for its vacillation, and both bitterly oppose its policy of treaty-enforcement. It is characteristic of the blind vindictiveness of French officialdom that the Coalition Government, which undertook the enforcement of the Versailles treaty against the opposition of both reactionaries and radicals, has been weakened in every possible way by French politicians and militarists. Common sense would have dictated that France give all possible support to the Coalition, which, being composed largely of a timid bourgeoisie, appeared to prefer ruin at the hands of the Entente to a communistic safety in the bosom of Soviet Russia. But the French Government knows no common sense where Germany is concerned. After the Kapp revolution, with its counter-movements by the Reds—movements indicative of the extremist drift of German sentiment—the French army occupied the Ruhr district, with great damage to the prestige of the German Government. Later, and just before the general election—a critical time for the Coalition—when it was reported that the Hythe conference had fixed the amount of the Ger-

man indemnity, French politicians cried out in anger at granting to Germany even a degree of certainty about her obligations. Naturally, French demands for the uttermost farthing were not calculated to make the elections easy sailing for the only party in Germany willing to undertake the enforcement of the treaty; nor were the repeated complaints that Germany was not dotting her i's and crossing her t's with sufficient precision in carrying out the provisions of that impossible document, likely to boost the stock of the Coalition.

It is a little late now for French officialdom to discover on which side its bread is buttered. In the Coalition Government, with its fear of extremes, lay France's only hope of keeping Germany weak but paying. It is French intransigence as much as anything else, which has driven that Government on the rocks. If the present chaos ends in civil war, as Philip Scheidemann has prophesied it will, it is likely that the French Government and its allies will whistle for their money. On the other hand, should a coalition be effected, it would appear that it must swing the Government to one of the two extremes; and in either case the Treaty of Versailles would seem likely to go shortly the way of its myriad predecessors, to the scrap-heap.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT.

THIS paper is very glad indeed to give editorial notice to the volume of documents on Russian-American relations, reviewed in this issue, in the hope that as many of our fellow-citizens as our words may reach, will get it and read it. It should not, however, emphatically not, be read or regarded as exclusively or even primarily an indictment of the present Administration. So to regard it, is to lose all its constructive force. It is an indictment of political government. It is to be interpreted by the fact that political government, which has for its first business the maintenance of privilege, was confronted in Russia by administrative government which has for its first interest the abolition of privilege. Hence political government, under whatever form, whether republican or monarchist, turned against Russia and persecuted Russia with the insane frenzy of self-preservation.

Indeed, the first observation a student makes upon closing this volume, is how very little, after all, the peoples have really gained from changes in the mere mode of political government—changes from autocracy to constitutionalism and from constitutionalism to republicanism. When confronted with the threat to privilege raised by the Soviet Government, the behaviour of all forms or modes of political government was the same. Republican France and America behaved like monarchist Japan and constitutionalist Britain. Political government in America misled, bamboozled and lied to its own people, quite as it did in Japan, France or England; it fraudulently confiscated the public opinion of its people and turned it against Russia, and its people were quite as helpless and impotent, quite as much in the dark, quite as elaborately victimized as the people of Japan or Britain. If any other party had been in power in Washington or any other President in the White House, such Administration would have acted precisely as the Democratic Administration acted, because political government can not do otherwise without suicidal intent. This is the central fact of the matter and it is very imperfectly understood.

Hence, it is with no special animus against this or that party or person or set of office-holders, that one should contemplate this official record of the American Government's policy of perfidy, treachery, lying and thieving; but merely with the interest that is aroused by any unusually clear and unequivocal exhibit of the essential nature and purpose of political government. There is a certain ignominy which can not be wholly escaped, however, a certain unpleasant decline in self-respect, consequent upon realizing the bare-faced and enormous impositions practised upon us as a people. In a review of this volume, Mr. Isaac Don Levine cites a number of popular beliefs, many of which are no doubt current among readers of this paper; and for their currency the Department of State is solely responsible. Mr. Levine says:

The American people believe that the Allied military expedition in the north of Russia was intended against the German and Bolshevik governments, mainly against the latter. The American people believe that the Red Army had its origin in Germany and was built and officered by Germans. The American people were led to believe that the Constituent Assembly, dispersed by the Soviets, would have continued the war against Germany in conjunction with the Allies. There are very few Americans who are not firmly convinced that Lenin and Trotzky made a separate peace with Germany without giving the Allies an opportunity to conclude a general peace on Wilson's terms.

The facts in the foregoing instances, as well as in a large number of others, are diametrically opposed to the existing popular beliefs. Moreover, the facts as now revealed by the 'Russian-American Relations' are sensational. What newspaper reader in the United States ever heard of a solemn pact between the Allies and the Murman Soviet, an integral part of the Federal Soviet Republic of Russia? Yet such an agreement was concluded in July, 1918, by the representatives of the United States, Great Britain and France with the Murman Regional Soviet for the purpose of defending the north of Russia from German aggression.

It is with a keen sense of shame that an American reads this document. The representatives of America and the Allies came to Bolshevik Russia disguised as friends, but harbouring hostile intentions at heart. They pledged themselves to equip the Soviet forces in the north, to respect the authority of the Murman Regional Soviet, to lend financial assistance to the Soviet without abridging its sovereign power. But they soon violated their pledges and turned upon their friends. And for nearly two years they waged a wicked war on the very people they had concluded the agreement with. Such was the ignominious origin of the Allied and American expeditions in the north of Russia.

There is nothing very animating about this; nothing to enhance one's pride or to exhilarate one particularly over the part played by the land of the free towards a great people emerging into freedom. Still, it is useful reading provided it be directed towards the proper end. If it has the effect of merely changing one's politics, it is worse than useless, for what a Democratic Administration did, any Administration would do. To curse and condemn one set of office-holders and try to supplant it with another, is entirely beside the mark. No reader could possibly entertain a lower opinion of office-holders than that held by this paper; yet personal blame in such premises as these, is a sheer waste of energy and breath. "Are not," as Panurge said of the medicant friars, "are not these poor snakes, the very extracts of ichthyophagy, already besmoked and besmeared with misery, distress and error?"

Such a set of documents as is put before us in this volume is useful, not to exasperate one's temper, but to serve as a scientific index to the nature of political government, and as an incentive to the abolition of political government through progressive increase in power and enlightenment of the economic organization.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE recent international gathering of ex-soldiers held at Geneva, was dominated by the vivid personality of Henri Barbusse, and his speech at the opening session throws light upon the new fraternization that is taking place between men who but yesterday were striving to destroy each other, and who now express the determination never again to be used as pawns in imperialist warfare. Barbusse expressed the gratification which he felt at this association with men who are by no means passive, inert or disarmed, but are still soldiers resolved to found a new alliance greater than all the alliances made by the powerful in the past, and to create a new country, one with the boundless ideal of internationalism. He recalled the pathetic attempts at fraternization that occurred between the opposing lines during the war, and declared that the time to fraternize in the hope of controlling events was before and not after the call to arms. He believes that the experience of the war has taught the common soldiers that whatever their nationality their real interests are the same. It is in recognition of this truth that they are now pledging themselves as comrades in a war against war, thus marking the end of an historic period of human sacrifice.

But it is not enough to experience the emotion of good intentions in a world ruled by physical wants and desires. The present order will hold the field until displaced by a new order. That is what makes it necessary to understand the economic cause of war if it is to be attacked intelligently. "War," said Barbusse, "is concerned with the regulation of commerce and production, with protectionist laws, with markets and competition and personal gain."

In so far as they read the facts correctly, the ex-soldiers may justly claim that their new campaign is reasoned and scientific. Nor was Barbusse mistaken in his judgment that the upholders of the old regime laugh at mere declamation but tremble before the theorist. If discussion can be drawn into the mazes of "practical" detail, compromise will be the order of the day; whereas theories are apt to have stubborn and unyielding adherents.

We were told, said Barbusse, that the war must be pushed to the bitter end in order to win a lasting peace. Very well, then, he argued, let us adopt this theory and push to the bitter end the social war, so that social peace, the fusion of classes and real world-peace, may be lasting. Revolution and class-war are to be passing episodes in a course leading to the reign of justice for all without exception. It is to be feared, however, that the socialists, no less than their predecessors, will be disappointed in the constructive power of violence. The illusion that the end justifies the means dies hard.

In discrediting the bogey of patriotism, Barbusse is on firmer ground. Love of country is not a monopoly of the self-styled patriot whose mind is filled with the idea of an impregnable stronghold, and who can not grasp that other ideal of a country whose boundaries are co-extensive with the vision of the human mind. Ebert, Müller, Lloyd George, Nitti, Millerand and Deschanel are but types of the eternal oppressor who must be thrown off if the people are to be free; rulers who seek to separate the nations in spite of the natural tendency of peoples to come together, to mix and find a level like the waves of the sea. Only in a country as large as the world can there be a just distribution of creative effort, a balance of labour, a free play of honest traffic; in a word, harmony and peace. Renouncing the trappings of bloody patriotism, the rags

of many-coloured silk which form the flags of nations, the Vanity Fair of suffering and death, the ex-soldiers hoist "the sublime flag coloured like the blood of the people which has been squandered during the ages by the luxury of the rich, red as the hands we have come here to extend to one another." Unfortunately, flags, whatever their colour, are likely, more than anything else, to symbolize the bloody business of war. Honest deeds need no symbol.

The sincerity of the reaction against war of these men at Geneva was brought out by the Italian representative of the League of Mutilated Soldiers, who decried the granting of favours to ex-soldiers because it meant a glorification of war. But perhaps the most significant episode of the conference was the welcome accorded to the German delegate, Karl Tiedt. At the end of his speech Barbusse, followed by the English and Italian delegates, welcomed him in the name of the conference, and the whole assemblage applauded warmly. The French Federation of Mutilated Workers and Peasants urged a Peace International based on a pledge refusing response to mobilization; renouncing participation either by word or deed with the bourgeoisies in their national or international economic and political wars. They favoured immediate organization of resistance, and an effort to discredit nationalism and thus to attack militarism which is its inevitable expression.

The statement finally adopted by the conference declared that war is a consequence of the capitalist regime; that no war, whether offensive or defensive, is justifiable; that the real and effective struggle against war ought to reach the cause—the capitalist regime. The Republican Association of Ex-Soldiers proposes further to make an intensive educational campaign for pacifist and anti-militarist ideas; to withhold support from the League of Nations, which it regards as a weapon of militarism directed against the proletariat; to acknowledge the great services of the conscientious objectors, but to leave to the individual conscience the question of passive resistance, although noting that mobilization acts as an ultimate provocation to the world-proletariat which is vanquished in every armed conflict.

The question of adherence to the Third International, warmly urged by the Italian delegates but opposed by the English, was left open for consideration at a second conference to be held in Milan in October. On that occasion an attempt will be made to resolve the difficulties contingent upon the use of several languages by the adoption of Esperanto as the official language of the conference.

THOMAS HARDY.

IN that entertaining survey, in the "Confessions of a Young Man," of the English novelists to whom he was so determined *not* to play the sedulous ape, George Moore spoke of Thomas Hardy as the "first step down" from George Eliot, as a writer "slow . . . sodden . . . unilluminated by a ray of genius." George Moore's interest in fiction at that time was chiefly technical, and it is certainly true that if Hardy's reputation had had to stand upon the technical, or even upon what is ordinarily regarded as the "artistic" aspect of his work, he would not have been so universally acclaimed on his eightieth birthday. Hardy has written many a slow and sodden page; there are times when his style seems all thumbs, and his verse is often rude and crude and awkward in the extreme—as unmusical as Emerson's. The fact remains that

he is, if not the grand old man of English letters—grand old men having ceased to exist along with the peculiar public that used to beget them—at least the one great old man, great in greater qualities than eloquence.

Hardy has outlived, in both senses, generations of artists in prose and verse who were his contemporaries. Wilde, Henley, Stevenson—one can not ask, where are they, for they have their public still; but they have come to seem small, even Meredith has come to seem small, beside Hardy. And how many other great reputations, both of earlier and later decades than theirs, have come to seem still smaller! The explanation is perhaps that they have not been able to survive the influx, among the English-speaking peoples, of the emotionally profounder literatures of continental Europe. With the possible exception of Gissing, Hardy alone, among recent novelists in our tongue, satisfies a taste that has been nourished on the strong meat of Russia and Scandinavia. The gospel of love, the gospel of pity, the gospel of poverty, the gospel of the soil—that many-sided heritage which is ours to-day through the great spirits of the North—finds in Hardy also a fountain-head. Hardy's point of view, moreover, interests the contemporary psychologist as much as it satisfies the contemporary philosopher. A strange and wonderful fate for a man who, a quarter of a century ago, found himself "cured," as he expressed it, and precisely because of the attitude of the public, "of any further interest in novel-writing." It is the readers of "Jude the Obscure" who have proved to be Time's Laughing-stocks.

WEIMAR'S KINDLY GHOSTS.

It is well that the proposal to make a new national capital out of the little town of Weimar came to naught. Had the plan been carried out the Mecca of German literary life would have grown big beyond recognition, and its links with the past would have been severed by the coming of all the devastating machinery of modern government. Even as the cradle of the first National Assembly, Weimar seemed strangely out of place in our newspaper headlines; yet it was a natural enough place for the inauguration of the new German constitution, for in all the Fatherland no other spot holds such a wealth of associations with all that comes nearest to the heart of the German people. Before the war, Weimar, having little to do with the marts of trade, had lived for long years in its past, and had thus acquired a tranquillity which made modern life and affairs seem infinitely remote. It had furthermore retained an atmosphere of simplicity which was in itself reminiscent of days past. The spirit of Goethe pervaded the whole place, it was all so intimately connected with him; the palace, which he helped to rebuild; the beautiful little park he laid out; the theatre he helped to establish; his town house, full of possessions marking his long and busy life; and above all his Garden House, which always seemed to be more personally his than anything else in Weimar.

Here, perhaps, lies the secret of Weimar, that so many lives can be re-lived there, intimately and realistically. To stroll through its quiet, cheerful streets is like reading well-known books with living illustrations; old familiar figures seem to come to life amidst these kindly surroundings and to be almost as real as the real people. The older parts of the town recall the early days of the Reformation, of Tetzel and Luther; and of Lucas Cranach, who lived and painted in a house on the market-place and who lies buried in the old churchyard of St. Jacob. As one wanders around by the palace it does not require much effort of the imagination to realize the gay life of the little court which ruled when Goethe first went to Weimar. Such an absurdly young court it must have been; he was then twenty-six, the Dowager Duchess but ten years older, the Duke and his wife both eighteen, and Weiland—who seems like the solemn father of them all—only forty-two.

The place too, conjures up a droll vision of Thackeray going to court when he was a young student, or as he himself has said, a dreamer, in Weimar. He wrote to his mother

in 1830: "I have had to air my legs in black breeches and to sport a black coat, black waistcoat, and a cock-hat, looking something like a cross between a footman and a Methodist parson." And in a letter to Lewes twenty-five years later he completes the picture, saying:

Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth, the most kindly and delightful. I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city, where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, tells us how once, when they were little girls, she and her sister went to Weimar with their father. It was a memorable visit and she records that they seemed somehow to come alive in their father's past. He pointed out to them familiar houses where he and his friends had lived, and took them to the palace and showed them the classic spot where he had once invited the lovely Amalia to waltz. They were taken, too, to see Madame von Goethe and her sons and were invited by them to tea in the Garden House, of which she writes:

We found ourselves being conducted through the little shady wood. But to be walking there with Goethe's family, with his grandsons and their mother, the Ottilie who had held the dying poet's hand to the last; to hear him so familiarly quoted and spoken of, was something like hearing a distant echo of the great voice itself; something like seeing the skirts of his dressing-gown just waving before us. And at the age I was then, impressions are so vivid that I have always all my life had a vague feeling of having been in Goethe's presence. We seemed to find something of it everywhere, most of all in the little garden-house, in the bare and simple room where he used to write. One of the kind young men went to the window and showed us something on the pane. What it was I do not know clearly, but I think it was his name written with a diamond; and finally, in the garden, at a wooden table, among the trees and dancing shadows, we drank our tea, and I remember Wolfgang von Goethe handing a teacup, and the look of it, and suddenly the whole thing vanishes.

But broken as her story is, it seems to bring those far off days somewhat nearer.

A more beautiful site than that of Goethe's Garden House for a lover of nature to call home would be hard to find, for although in these days the town has crept out in that direction, the little house still stands apart; set against a steeply rising wooded hill and facing a broad meadow, from which the trees of the park are kept from encroaching by the waters of the little river Ilm, on which, says Lewes, "the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks." When the old town was confined within its ancient walls, Goethe wrote of this peaceful spot: "The calm is so great, that early this morning, a pretty roe came out of the bushes, and quietly began to eat the grass." In this simple cottage the poet dwelt, winter and summer, for several years, attending to affairs of state, studying, entertaining his friends, teaching little Fritz von Stein, supervising theatrical performances, and in the midst of all these activities, finding time to write. He delighted, too, in his garden, and was constantly sending flowers and vegetables of his own growing to Frau von Stein, who lived not far away across the park.

After moving into his town house in 1782, Goethe assumed an even larger share of governmental duties, becoming President of the Chamber and Minister of Finance in addition to his other official obligations. Goethe seems to have been liberal in his views and actions until the excesses of the French Revolution frightened him into more conservative ways. Lewes says of him:

Without interest in passing politics, profoundly convinced that all salvation could only come through inward culture, and dreading disturbances mainly because they rendered culture impossible, he was emphatically the 'Child of Peace,' and could at no period be brought to sympathize with great struggles. He disliked the Revolution as he disliked the Reformation, because they both thwarted the peaceful progress of development.

All the same he was not to be spared such disturbances. On 14 October, 1806, cannon balls came hurtling over his house, and during the subsequent pillage of the town he was put to much inconvenience and expense by the enforced billeting of soldiers.

Schiller was no more sympathetic than was Goethe with the French Revolution, but as a tribute to his "Robbers" the French Republic conferred a diploma of citizenship on him,

an honour likewise given to Washington and to Franklin. Poor Schiller's existence seems to have been one continual struggle with ill-health and poverty, although on his own calculation it required only 700 dollars of our modern money for him to live comfortably in Jena with his family. In 1800 the Duke gave him a small pension and enabled him to move to Weimar, that he and Goethe—who had become great friends—might be more constantly together. But he lived only five years to enjoy these happier circumstances and seems always to have done hack-work and translations for pitiful remuneration.

To Goethe, Schiller's death was a terrible blow. He was to outlive all those whom he loved best, but he worked resolutely on to the end and never lost the warmth of his sympathies or the keenness of his interests. He had been pessimistic as to the success of the War of Independence in 1813, and when reproached for not having written patriotic songs at such a time of national fervour, he replied:

How could I take up arms without hatred, and how could I hate without youth? . . . I have never uttered anything which I have not experienced, and which has not urged me to production. I have only composed love songs when I have loved: and how could I compose songs of hatred without hating?

The truth was not that he was lacking in patriotism but rather that with the years he had attained to a serenity and ripeness which sees beyond man-made boundaries to the unity of man.

With the passing of her poets, the central interest of Weimar changed from literature to music. The theatre, for which Goethe had worked so assiduously, gained much musical renown under Hummel, and later still more under Liszt.

To-day all the Grand Ducal Transparencies have vanished, along with the old order of things. Members of the German National Assembly have held committee meetings in the deserted palace, and stormy debates have raged on the stage of that theatre of historic memories, and now these too have passed.

B. U. BURKE.

DEMENTIA DIPLOMATICA.

IN addition to having changed the spelling of *revanche* to *Rache* the World War effectively dislodged the numerous Romanov family and other loyal Russians from control in Russia and replaced them with the barbarous Bolsheviks, who with execrable taste have abolished the various privileges and immunities commonly enjoyed everywhere by the best people at the expense of the mass of the population. The stubborn persistence of these Russians in getting along without a privileged class, despite the anathemas of the Allied Governments and their interventions, invasions and blockades, has created a serious problem in international good form. A clear view of how the present awkward situation developed is afforded in "Russian-American Relations, March 1917-March 1920," a series of documents and papers, mostly official, compiled and edited by C. K. Cummings and Walter W. Pettit under the direction of Father John A. Ryan, J. Henry Scattergood and William Allen White, at the request of the League of Free Nations Association, and published recently in New York by Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

This diplomatic drama, with comedy before the footlights and starvation and terror in the wings, opens in the spring of 1917 with polite notes from the evanescent Russian provisional governments appealing for a declaration of Allied war aims. To all these requests the Allies preserved a discreet silence. Meanwhile, from the very start, Bolshevism was functioning in Russia in the form of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies which was calling upon the peoples of all nations to insist on immediate peace and was summoning the workers everywhere to "refuse to serve as an instrument of

conquest and violence in the hands of kings, land-owners and bankers." Amidst these voices, though the chancelleries of the old-world were dumb, Mr. Wilson stepped forward with a handsome assortment of war purposes. "We are fighting," said he in good round terms, "for the liberty, the self-government and the undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose." This fine phrase (which possibly appeared in Irish and Egyptian as well as in Russian newspapers) runs through all the 362 pages of this volume like an irrelevant refrain in an old ballad. Mr. Lansing added his mite, that we were fighting for "democracy and human liberty," and Mr. Gompers and other associates of Mr. Ralph Easley in the American labour movement cabled profusely in the same strain. Finally, in a moment of inspiration, Mr. Wilson sent Mr. Elihu Root to instruct the Russians in true democracy, and in June, 1917, we find Mr. Root in Petrograd predicting that "the old order everywhere" would pass away and "the world would be free"—if only the Russians would buck up and fight the Germans.

It is difficult to explain how the Russians could resist this flood of eloquence, save on the premise of natural unregeneracy. Yet it is notorious that a few months after making the acquaintance of Mr. Root, they adopted bolshevism and formally withdrew from the war.

With the advent of the Soviet Government the somewhat obsequious tone of official Russian communication ceases.

It is necessary [writes Commissar Trotzky to the peoples and governments of the Allied countries] clearly and definitely to state what is the peace-programme of France, Italy, Great Britain and the United States; whether they together with us demand the right of self-determination for the peoples of Alsace-Lorraine, Galicia, Posen, Bohemia and Jugo-Slav territories. If they do, are they ready on their part to give the right of self-determination to peoples of Ireland, Egypt, India, Madagascar, Indo-China, etc., in the same way that the Russian Revolution gave this right to the peoples of Finland, Ukraine, White Russia, etc.

Is it any wonder that the Allied ambassadors in Russia took no notice of this outlandish new Government, but continued to address their protests against the armistice to General Dukhonin, the only remaining symbol of the old order, long after he had been removed from his job as commander-in-chief of the Russian armies.

The trail of documents thus winds through the Brest-Litovsk negotiations. There is much entertaining correspondence between Col. Raymond Robins and American Ambassador Francis, who was nervous about many things, including anarchist plots and a reported German occupation of Petrograd. In spite of his forebodings—all of which happily proved to be without foundation—he continues to assure the Russian people that he would not desert them unless removed by force. Like Mrs. Micawber, he kept stating this at frequent intervals—up to the time of his voluntary departure.

Another figure that bobs up in the picture at this time is the egregious Mr. Sisson. We find him appealing by cable to Mr. Wilson's famous Director of Propaganda, Mr. George Creel, for a few more comic films to run with the propaganda stuff. Later we find Mr. Sisson plastering the walls of Petrograd with 100,000 copies of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points speech, and regretting that "much newspaper comment is still cynical." Another time he cables to Mr.

Creel: "*Call's* editorial useful," which incidentally reveals the curious fact that Mr. Creel's bureau was advertising in the New York *Call* for propaganda purposes in Petrograd while Mr. Burleson was rigorously barring it from the mails in New York. On 23 January, 1918, Mr. Sisson, along with Col. Robins, cabled to Washington urging recognition of the Soviet authority. This was about a fortnight before Mr. Sisson decided that the Soviet officials were German agents of sinister purpose. And by a curious coincidence it was also about a fortnight before the Central Soviet repudiated the foreign debts of the Tsar's Government.

About this time, stories arose of the arming of scores of thousands of German and Austrian prisoners and of their being turned loose in Siberia to deliver Russia to the Kaiser. American consuls poured these stories in in great detail through Consul General Summers, who had married a Russian countess of large landholdings and was appropriately biased in regard to Russia's internal affairs. Finally two officers, one from the American Red Cross and another from the British Military Mission, were sent to investigate. In a special car they travelled all over Siberia. They found that the consuls had transmitted without investigation, stories told them by the counter-revolutionists who were the only Russians with whom they associated (p. 180). These American and Allied consuls had refused to meet the Soviet authorities anywhere. As a matter of fact there was found to be nothing in the armed-prisoner story save that here and there a few prisoner communists—mostly Hungarians—who had denounced their own governments had been armed, principally with the idea of guarding their own officers from being armed by Russian White Guards. But the report of these two officers had apparently little effect, for as late as 26 June, 1919, President Wilson in a note to the Senate (p. 343), stated that the principal reason for our invasion of Siberia was "to save the Czecho-Slovak armies, which were threatened with destruction by hostile armies apparently organized by, and often largely composed of, enemy prisoners of war."

It was in April, 1918, while these armed-prisoner stories were still filling our newspapers, that Japanese and British marines were landed at Vladivostok. Ambassador Francis hastened to explain to the Russians (p. 196), that the landing was a local affair of no political significance. The Japanese had come ashore, of course, in the interests of law and order, and the British had followed, he explained, with Gilbertian humour, lest the Japanese landing cause disturbances among the population.

About this time the Soviet Government discovered a plot of allied consuls in Siberia to overthrow the Government there, and it was plain that the Russians were unfortunately becoming sceptical about the honourable intentions of their friends. At the end of May, however, Mr. Lansing, whose mind at that time went along pretty well with his chief's, assured the Russian people that the United States, at least, was absolutely neutral as regarded Russia's internal affairs. And Ambassador Francis, endorsing this statement, added, apparently on his own account, that "America will not lay down her arms until all people

¹In this connexion, it is interesting to note that recently a delegation of American business men visited our State Department to request permission to trade with Russia, but were informed that they must forego all such business for the reason that the Bolsheviks, by arming hordes of German and Austrian prisoners, and by other hostile acts, had caused the deaths of 100,000 American soldiers, who would not otherwise have perished in the war. The official War Department figures give the total number of Americans killed in the war as 77,000.

receive the right of self-determination." Mr. Lansing could not find words with which to express his righteous horror that Russia was being "violated by German and Austrian troops," yet he seems not to have cared very much when a month later Russia was being violated by the operations of British, French and American troops (p. 227). Again on 25 July, Ambassador Francis was protesting our staunch neutrality in Russia's internal affairs. One week later (p. 242) the Archangel Soviet was overthrown by an Allied attack and a Provisional Government of the Country of the North was set up in its place. According to recent statements of American officers, the personnel of this "Government" had been selected in advance at a conference of American and British officers in London, which obviously antedated Ambassador Francis's protestations of neutrality.

While Russia's northern port was being impounded by the Allies, her eastern gateway was seized by Japanese, American and British forces, and the eastward-bound Czecho-Slovak war prisoners, who were supposed to be inspired by an eagerness to get back into the war against Germany, and were progressing toward Vladivostok to embark on a round-about voyage for the western front, suddenly turned back toward Moscow.

At the time of beginning this invasion, both the American State Department and the Japanese Government issued formal explanations. Our State Department outgiving started characteristically with the statement that military intervention in Russia could serve no good purpose and the Government of the United States had decided against it (p. 237). But in the second paragraph it appeared that "military action" was admissible in Russia (p. 238), but the United States was undertaking it only to help defend Russia, "to guard the country in the rear of the westward moving Czecho-Slovaks," and to guard military stores at Murmansk, Archangel and Vladivostok. In pursuit of this last worthy object American troops at Archangel were immediately rushed 200 miles or more into the interior. The Japanese Government set forth much the same purposes as the American Government, and added its solemn pledge that as soon as these purposes were realized, all Japanese troops would be withdrawn from Russian territory. This was in 1918. Now, nearly two years later, and nineteen months after the end of the war, Japanese troops, in steadily increasing numbers, are spreading over Eastern Siberia.

When about a year ago President Wilson was called on by the Senate for some explanation for the continued presence of American troops in Siberia, he stated that they were needed to "keep open a necessary artery of trade" and "to extend the economic aid necessary to it in peace time" to "the vast population of Siberia." This is magnificent and sets one wondering what was the source of Mr. Wilson's information as to the number of inhabitants in Siberia, where the total "vast population" is less than that of New York State.

There are various other illuminative bits of history among these precious papers. Spread on the record is a conversation on Russia held 16 January, 1919, at the Quai D'Orsay, among the little group of elderly diplomats, whom Mr. Wilson refers to sometimes as "the civilized nations of the world," and sometimes simply as "humanity." In this distinguished company, Mr. Lloyd George repudiates with eloquence the idea of a cordon or blockade against

Russia. It would mean, he pointed out, the wholesale starvation of the population. There was no dissenting voice to this in that assemblage, and as a natural result the cordon policy was shortly afterward adopted and has been enforced rigorously to the present day.

Meanwhile, there was a brief interlude while President Wilson issued his call to the various Russian factions for a conference at Prinkipo. Admiral Kolchak and General Denikin both flatly rejected the invitation, and so did the government which the Allies had set up at Archangel, but the Soviet Government, though it never received a direct invitation, picked up the news of the conference on the wireless, and accepted (p. 298). Not unexpectedly, therefore, do we discover a statement from the Supreme Council that the Prinkipo proposal to "relieve the suffering millions of Russia" broke down because of the refusal of the Bolsheviki to accept the conditions.

There is, finally, an interesting flash on the Constituent Assembly. This parliament was the result of a post-Bolshevik election held on pre-Bolshevik lists. The Soviet authorities were implacably hostile to it, and dissolved it 19 January, 1918, the day after it convened. The diplomats are wont to cite this dissolution as the death of "democracy" in Russia. The Supreme Council wrote to Admiral Kolchak, who was virtually a dictator in the spring of 1919, when his affairs were going swimmingly, offering him recognition as the Government of Russia under certain conditions, chief of which was the establishment of a responsible Constituent Assembly; the Assembly elected in 1917 to hold power until the new one was formed. This note caused the gallant Admiral some embarrassment, as his Government had already put to death several members of the old Assembly, and most of the other members had since become officers in the Soviet Government. He therefore replied to the Supreme Council that he would be glad to call a Constituent Assembly of his own variety, but the Assembly of 1917 was unthinkable because it had been elected "under a regime of Bolshevik violence." The Supreme Council naturally replied that this would be acceptable, as containing "satisfactory assurances for the freedom and self-government of the Russian people." Unfortunately, before the Supreme Council could elevate the Supreme Ruler much higher in international grace, he was fleeing for the Pacific, and all his men, with a good part of the population, were aiding his exit.

Superficially these historic documents might convey the impression that Allied and American relations with Russia were conducted on a basis of ignorance, stupidity, dishonesty, mendacity, and unprecedented brutality. But diplomacy is not necessarily, or always, a compound of these qualities. Henry Adams, stationed at the Court of St. James during the trying Civil War period, observed the diplomatic mind in full career. He noted that all the diplomats in England and France pinned all imaginable atrocities and indecencies on Abraham Lincoln, including the nationalization of women (which Lincoln was said to have ordered in captured Confederate cities). Adams did not question the sincerity of the diplomats, but he concluded that all diplomats were a bit mad.

There is no reason to suppose that diplomacy has changed greatly in character since the days of Palmerston. In fact it is probably very much the same as when the elder statesmen of Arboria inspired the

stories that the new sect of tailless apes were the enemies of progress and morality. But it would be a mistake to assume that diplomacy is merely a product of mental derangement. The true diplomat is the medium of an inspired and incorrigible romanticism. He lives in an ideal world in which facts must conform to fancies. Principle is everything to him, and practice a negligible detail. In diplomacy there is such a thing as being too proud for facts.

During a year of dealing with Russia on the highest moral plane, the Associated Powers violated Russian territory, executed in cold blood the leaders of local governments, deposed others, connived at various counter-revolutionary adventures, and their representatives even plotted to kidnap the responsible heads of the Central Soviet Government, while at the same time they ignored every plea of the Soviet leaders for assistance or understanding. At the end of this busy year, Mr. Wilson was able to say with a clear conscience (p. 297):

The single object the representatives of the Associated Powers have had in mind . . . has been to help the Russian people. . . . They recognize the absolute right of the Russian people to direct their own affairs without dictation or direction of any kind from outside . . . and will in no way, and in no circumstances, aid or give countenance to any attempt at a counter-revolution."

Apparently the Russians are not yet convinced of the whole-hearted unselfishness of purpose of the Allied and Associated Powers. The narrow-minded doctrinaires who form the "self-styled" Russian Government are still babbling about the right of people to choose their own destinies—as if that hadn't been settled everywhere for all time at the peace conference. It is to be hoped they will study this useful volume and learn the error of their ways. The book is a cross-section out of the living tissue of political government.

T. McN.

A MAN VERSUS THE LAW.

For the last few years John Coffey lived in New York as an accomplished thief. Those who met and talked with him during that time and who realized what he was about must have been impressed, as I was, by the seriousness of his plan of action as well as by his humanity and great personal gentleness. As a writer, I took little interest in his practical aspirations, but for his logic I learned to have much respect.

Briefly, his plan was to make out a case against the law itself and to bring to light effectively by direct action the law's fundamental weakness as a human instrument. Even a lawyer can not but acknowledge that from a scientific point of view at least such an attempt is laudable. His hope was to do away with what he considered an inhuman mechanism by attacking it at its weakest point in order to make way for a system of government by the principles he considered worthy—the principles laid down by the great humanistic figures of history, Mahomet, Confucius and Christ. Be that a worthy hope or not as it may, he seemed to have hit upon an effective procedure, one which promised him success or more probably, and as it turned out, legal annihilation.

In order to accomplish his end he found it necessary to jeopardize his own person in the attack. His method was simple: that which did not logically exist could be ignored, and he thought no more about it except in being scrupulously careful not to interfere

with the logical fulfilment of the law's conditions upon his person. The law must be fully disclosed by allowing it to work itself out unhindered upon himself. Thus only could its defects be effectively exposed for demonstration.

Paying no attention to the present code regarding property ownership, which he took at its face value, he became a thief, or to speak more accurately, since he had been, in his own view, a surreptitious thief for years, he became a thief openly. He simply took what he needed for his livelihood and pleasure where he could get it. He stole not from the more or less needy but according to his plan from those who had wealth at their disposal.

The next step was promptly to inform the public prosecutor of what he had done and to await developments. On one occasion he actually went in person to the prosecutor's office and reported to the assistant prosecutor his thieving activities of the night before. They told him to chase himself and refused to apprehend or to molest him in any way. Continuing his activities he kept the authorities regularly informed, thus seeking prosecution in order to establish his point and to fulfil in his person the circle of human experience as he saw it.

After a time there began to be discovered by his unhurried persistence this fact, that hard as the law might seem in some respects, to an approach from the proper direction it is extremely sensitive. It can not afford to give countenance to that which is outside of itself, or if it does it becomes self-destructive. There can of course be only one justice; so that the law can not acknowledge any justice above its own and, as a corollary, it can not acknowledge a theory of judicial procedure other than the one which is itself, without acknowledging its own absurdity. But neither can it adjudge something outside of itself, such as the deeds of a man whose motives do not approach its codifications in any way, without working an injustice from its own point of view upon that man. But to the law injustice is not permitted. Thus a man must acknowledge the validity of the law either by fleeing from it or otherwise, before its procedures can become just in his case. This error of procedure Coffey was prevented by his convictions from making. By giving himself up willingly Coffey circumvented the law by forcing it to do him an injustice or to acknowledge a competitor. The impasse grew more apparent as he proceeded.

It seems incredible, but for over a year Coffey actually lived by stealing in New York City, constantly keeping the prosecutor's office informed of his acts. Either, he thought, the law must co-operate with him and become self-destructive or it must leave him at large to do as he pleased, that is, to take what he pleased. The situation was unbearable or could be bearable **only on condition that he did not steal**. Finally he allowed the law to catch him in the act and then it had to arrest him. After the usual questioning and cross-questioning and confinement in a psychopathic ward he was sent to Ward's Island as insane.

What Coffey was after was definition, a light in the dark, a diagnosis, without which no advance of knowledge is possible and this the law could not allow concerning itself. What Coffey was attempting was an investigation into the nature of the law with his own body at stake, his body against the body of the law. Humanly taken, there could be only one answer: the man must win. The law can have no defence under these conditions, except that of arbi-

trary decision, to disqualify the man. The law can not withstand scrutiny when that scrutiny involves freedom of decision regarding itself. This Coffey had shown. Of course he could not be countenanced, he had penetrated behind the veil and had to suffer the consequences. As one of the physicians said, "I'm sorry but what can we do with you? I can't send you to jail and I can't let you go back on the street." Obviously the doctor was right, there was nothing else to do. The man must therefore be insane.

Coffey escaped from Ward's Island after a short time and after resting for the summer and calling upon several of the officials involved, he laid himself open to arrest again and this time the law has sent him to Matteawan.

But there are several details left to be mentioned and perhaps a few comments which may prove of interest to record.

While Coffey was in the Tombs he wrote me two letters; one of which unfortunately I have lost, but the other I reproduce below. In the lost letter he told me that for three weeks they had been trying to saddle him with some delusion, preferably of grandeur, but that so far they had not been successful—which he acknowledged to be nothing short of a wonder. Here was one last move that the law could permit itself; it could try to find a flaw in his front somewhere. He must be studied in microscopic detail and at leisure for a defect. This is altogether right and as it should be. But Coffey can not be hurried. As he himself has often cautioned: With haste enters error. If the law is persistent, he is imperturbable.

Unfortunately from my own point of view, Coffey has tried to put his logic into an abstract philosophic jargon which is detestable and can never succeed because it is dead. But for his own relief he had to try to express himself, I suppose, in some other way besides action, which is so direct and simple with him. And being no scholar, he fell into this atrocious mode. I speak of this in particular because the lucidity of his deed must not be permitted to become clouded by his bad writing. But in his postscripts and side comments he reveals something of himself even in writing as he does. In any case here is the letter I have spoken of:

The Tombs, N. Y. City.

Physic me with a letter, Doctor, with which will be enclosed such drug of yours as was recently hidden in that osteopathic medicine-case, the *Little Review*. (Tear out pages . . . as magazines are not receivable here through the mail, it having become a method of the friends of drug-addicts confined here to send them magazines.)

Do these (below) sentences look like something to you?

It is necessary and possible to experience effective forms of condition as generally and individually effective in rendering necessary and possible accomplishment of the most valuable end of which accomplishment is necessary and possible.

Such experience of effective forms of condition renders necessary and possible experience of them as most valuably effective means of accomplishment.

Experience of them as such renders necessary and possible experience of them as the most effective possible means of rendering necessary and possible experience of accomplishment under a maximum number of individual forms.

Experience of them as such means renders necessary and possible experience of exercise of them as such.

More?

JOHN COFFEY.

P. S. Clerk of Court: You are charged, etc. . . . What say you, are you guilty or not guilty?

Defendant: Who charges me in the indictment?

C. of C. (eventually): The people of New York.

Defendant: Such people as have me charged in this indictment, etc. . . . What do you say of them, are they forgiving or not forgiving?

The law has put this man in an insane asylum for the rest of his life, perhaps. Without a word the law has attempted to justify itself by a piece of stupidity as revolting to human nature as the bloody excesses of the Inquisition. To put that man out of its way is as patent a conspiracy on the law's part as would be the action of any interested party which puts some disturber away by a knife-thrust. Yet this is perfectly proper and according to law. No attempt is made by Coffey to deny the justice of the law's procedures and none must be made by others in his behalf now that he has engaged in his death struggle with it.

Coffey may perhaps show certain evidences of insanity though my own opinion is that he shows nothing of the sort. But the point he establishes is one of logic and procedure and has no relation to the nature of the processes which originated it. Water is water whether it falls as rain or is distilled from any of its combinations. A man is not proven insane because he does not govern his thoughts and actions under the definitions of the law, but quite on the contrary the law may be suspected of a certain weakness if it can not bring its weight to bear upon a man without resorting to procedures which amount to nothing more nor less than studied evasions. Whether prompted by sanity or insanity Coffey's bodily stand has been taken upon grounds which have proven unassailable by the law, which has demonstrated not its weakness but its complete impotence against him in word and action for several years. When backed to the wall by this man it could only defend itself by evasion and doubtful procedure as is plainly evidenced by the words of its experts. Upon the hair-line decision of one or two frankly puzzled doctors the whole logical foundation of the law wavered. These men were forced to decide as they did regardless of the possible evidence, which is the point to remember.

As to the man himself any practical expressions of fellow feeling that may come his way in his present predicament will no doubt be welcomed and should be addressed to him at Matteawan, though condolences would be amusing. As he has himself so often said: The law is perfectly justified in what it does and has done. Coffey has no resentment against anyone or anything. His satisfaction is in the sheer logic of his existence with its unassailable humanity.

I have written this that attention may be called to John Coffey's logic and human devotion.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

TEMPTING BRITISH LABOUR.

THE rulers of England are beginning to see the need of convincing the workers of the fat pickings to be had in tropical countries. Sir Edward Carson gave the show away in his recent speech to the British Empire Producers' Organization:

It is, I think, our duty to try and prove to Labour that if their interests are to expand and progress it can only be done on a sound, solid, and solvent basis by the extension and organization of the unexplored resources in the Empire which hitherto have been untapped. Let us not talk to them so much of Imperialism, which is a great word, but various people put various meanings upon it. To some of our people it idealizes domination, to some it means aggression, to some it means the exploitation of the people for the benefit of a few or of the capitalist. You must get

rid of all that out of their minds. You must rather teach them of Empire, union, and greatness, in which each union is helping and strengthening the other unions. You must teach them that the patriotism which is inherent in them is really not merely based on sentiment, but is best for their material interest. You must tell them that just as it is by building a business, by building up the resources of a business and by expanding that business that they get a freer flow for their energies and secure the greater resources for higher and better wages conditions, so it is by the expansion of the Empire and so it is by exploring the untapped fields of the Empire you will bring home to them that we have yet material which can place them on a surer and better foundation of good terms and of happiness at home than has ever fallen to the lot of the proletariat of any other race.

The British Ministry of Reconstruction issued its famous appeal to labour in Pamphlet No. 37, named "The Mission of the British Army." In it the Government told labour that higher wages and better conditions rest on British imperialism. The British army, keeping natives in subjection, brings in the needed trade for Manchester and Durham. Therefore the workers' best friend is the soldier, and their best policy is British rule over the lesser breeds. Here is a typical paragraph from the pamphlet in question in which the imperialist's case is set forth with what sweet reasonableness:

If we admit the necessity of a Regular Army in the past, how much more will it be necessary in the future, in view of the higher standard of living which the workers of the country are now claiming? The British Army had gradually grown up with a view to meeting the necessities of commercial peace rather than the exigencies of a great campaign. A few British soldiers stationed in the West Indies or in certain of our Asiatic dependencies are sufficient to impress on the native the necessity for the maintenance of law and respect for British justice. The peaceful existence of these communities and coaling-stations is the best guarantee that the cotton spinners of Manchester or the coal-miners of Durham will continue to receive good wages. It is, after all, a matter of insurance. The State pays the insurance in the shape of the British soldier. Such has been the work of those few British soldiers, who have cleared the path of the trader in those outlying possessions. Wherever he has gone it has not been only capital that has prospered, as many of our extremists now maintain, but his work has increased wages throughout this country and safeguarded civilization. Once his work has been done trade has followed, and Lancashire and the Midlands have profited. . . . That [self-control and devotion to duty] is what these men have learnt on the parade grounds of Britain and on the frontiers of our Colonies. What they have learnt there, it may be repeated once more, has always redounded to the advantage of our industrial cities. Every country that possesses experience of colonial administration and trade knows full well that European rule and trade must be protected by an actual show of armed force in those parts of the world where respect for life and property and order is not definitely established.

What British imperialism presents in these simple, sincere words are the richest economic spoils ever offered to a hungry proletariat: a fenced-off, boxed-in Empire, dripping with oil and nut-kernels, the raw stuffs for the insatiable machines of half the world. Keep the Kingdoms and we will consider your demands for wages and hours.¹

America has incorporated into its thinking and feeling certain faiths about success and initiative and private enterprise. Just so, Britain has definite convictions about its destiny. These national assumptions are easily detected by an outsider, and are rarely realized by a native. The British do not for a moment shout

for their country, right or wrong. Very simply they believe their country is always right. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote in 1918:

There are no secret treaties of any kind in which this country is concerned. It has been publicly and clearly stated more than once by our Foreign Minister, and, apart from honour, it would be political suicide for any British official to make a false statement of the kind.

Honour is the word they use, and honour is the key of their dealings. Whatever they do officially in far countries is done because they fervently believe that British rule is best. This mystical belief that the rest of the world likes to be ruled by England, that the childlike "backward peoples" cry for it, was never better expressed than by Earl Curzon, the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on 10 February, 1920, when he said:

If a mandate is confided to England—and I think it is too late to talk of limiting our activities in Mesopotamia to the Vilayet of Basra and bear no share in the future control of Bagdad—I am convinced that any attempt to retire thence would be received with absolute dismay in the country itself.

There is always a Curzon, or a Cecil, or a Milner—England never fails of these. If these men of honour advocate a policy, it would be presumptuous to question whether the policy is right. If certain raw things have to be done to carry out the policy, they are done by other hands and are not spoken of, and are covered by a great name. Behind these great names there is a hard-working, unselfish Civil Service which plods on in one direction, untroubled by the various political personalities nominally in charge. Foreign policy, cold, impersonal, predatory, goes on regardless of these showy political changes. Each newcomer finds that steps have already been taken which commit him to the long road and the unbroken direction.

The structure of Empire is so delicately poised that, with one brick removed, the whole affair would come tumbling. What would be left of labour? If the Empire splits into its component parts, and England draws back into its island home, who will rule in the void and chaos? No nation will ever willingly forfeit its security. Each addition to the British Empire makes necessary new, safeguarded trade-routes, strategic bases, coaling stations and new oil fields. Grant the need and righteousness of holding India, and every fresh protectorate fits into the logical scheme. The nobleman, the Civil clerk, and the mighty work itself—so the collective will of England goes on working through the generations. The common man is appalled at the thought of any halt in this ordained progress.

If a Labour Government came into power to-morrow with Arthur Henderson as Prime Minister, and John Clynes and James Thomas as Foreign Secretary and Secretary for the Colonies, there would be no perceptible change in foreign policy and policy for subject peoples. Thus, a few weeks ago, on 20 March, a Labour member in Parliament spoke on the naval estimates. He described an efficient navy as "the best insurance policy," and as the "link" which binds the British Empire. He was followed by another Labour member, Robert Young (formerly Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers), who advocated an efficient navy "to maintain the supremacy of this country." In the March debate on army estimates, only twenty-three Labour members out of sixty-five were present to vote in favour of a reduction of the army. Building the home fences seems even yet more important to a trade-union official M.P.,

¹In this connexion Sidney Webb says: "The co-partnership of trade unions with associations of capitalists—whether as a development of Whitley Councils or otherwise—which far-sighted capitalists will presently offer in specious forms (with a view, particularly, to protective customs tariffs and other devices for maintaining unnecessarily high prices, or to governmental favours and remissions of taxation) is, we fear, hankered after by some trade-union leaders."

than a world policy which may tear to bits his little local reconstructions.

The impression made by the Labour party on Hindus differs according to the aspirations of the Hindus. J. V. Patel, general secretary of the Indian National Congress stated in the winter of 1919:

From the moment that we began our work in this country we found that in all our efforts and in all our difficulties we had sure friends in the Labour party. . . . The Indian people do not mean to wait. They want their political freedom, and they will continue to agitate, to agitate, to agitate for it in every legitimate and constitutional way until they get it. And they will look confidently to the Labour party, the real national party of Britain, to support them. May we take to India from the Labour party a definite and official message of hope that in the hour of victory, which I am sure awaits you in the near future, your first thought will be the granting to India of her full freedom as a partner in the British Commonwealth and the guarantee of the liberties of her people?

In response to this appeal Mr. Arthur Henderson read a message, endorsed by the officials of the Parliamentary party, sending fraternal greetings to the Indian National Congress and assuring the Indian people of the fullest sympathy and support of the Labour party in their struggle for complete self-government "within the Empire."

On the other hand, Ramaswamy Jyer, who came to England on behalf of the All-India Home Rule League, is thus reported in the *Madras Mail* of 2 October, 1919:

Mr. Ramaswamy Jyer declared that one of the things to which he would devote attention in India would be an attempt to dissuade the people of India from founding any hopes on advantages to be reaped by India from a Labour Government in Britain. All the Labour bodies he met struck him as being narrowly interested in sectarian matters, and as having none of the breadth of Imperialist outlook which characterized the younger Unionist and Liberal statesmen with whom he came in contact.

The conscious minority in British labour is ruthless in its demands inside the island. It insists on a new social order, no matter what it costs. If primary poverty for a generation is the price, labour is prepared to pay the price. It forces ultimate issues, and without a quaver goes on towards fundamental change. The overthrow of profit-making, the establishment of public ownership and workers' control—these trail consequences that touch the life of every worker. But when we turn to foreign policy, we find him indifferent, leaving such affairs to the Government. He votes resolutions that cover Ireland and India with a fog of words.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

RE-READINGS AND REVISIONS.

SURELY no poet was ever more damned in his eulogists and imitators, these latter especially, than old Walt; they would have brought a smaller man into everlasting contempt, and, no question, they repel many who would otherwise seek him. Whitman's lack of regular poetic form makes him easily imitable as to his fourth-rate stuff, by mediocre or bad poets, and a multitude of such feeble yawpers have colonized on his great fame, like fleas on a dead lion. But none the less he is one of the few Immortals this country has produced. His fame was of the kind that would have justified and no doubt inspired an attractive "legend," had it been left to make itself, without meddling of fools or notoriety hunters, for a decent interval after his death. Unluckily for old Walt, he fell in during his later years with the amiable but lethally industrious Traubel, who in Boswellizing Whitman has extended

the known limits of human stupidity. It is not too much to say that he has almost buried Walt under a mountain of rubbish—and up to the end he kept everlastingly at it with barrow and shovel and pick! Terrible indeed has been the result of that misguided industry. Any person of ordinary powers of endurance who sees Traubel first will never survive to reach Whitman. There is something stupefying in the complacency which the Disciple exhibited in turning out his endless volumes of folderol. He has killed off all hope or chance of a fitting legend by his wearisome exposition of Whitman's vast ignorance, provincial narrowness, amazing lack of taste, puerile prejudices and finally, his inordinate, even fetid, self-conceit. I know it has been suggested, but I do not believe it, that the Disciple, in the weird processes of his "art," has transferred these his own personal qualities to the Master; thus, the hybrid changeling he gives us may be one part Whitman to three parts Traubel. The thing is not without precedent, as we know. But I am at least sure of this—he has projected a Whitman who fails utterly to live up to the best and highest in the "Leaves"; an unlovely, repellant, egotistical chatterer (one thinks how awful it must have been to endure all that frowzy gossip!); a pontificating old palaverer, with scarcely a trace of the nobility of letters about him. In truth, a liberal course of Traubel on "W. W." will go far to cure the rawest passion for the Good Gray Poet. Traubel has reversed the achievement of Boswell; instead of making his hero greater than he actually was, he has made him distinctly smaller: the triumph of Traubel in this abortional work would therefore mean the extinction of Whitman—which the gods forbid!

THE other day I tried to read one of Kipling's recent stories in a magazine, and though it was a short story, I barely pulled through. How did this man, to whom miracles were once easy, lose the vital soul of his art while still in his prime? In the story to which I refer, there were, to be sure, a few tricks and tags of style to identify the creator of Mulvaney, the author of fifty masterpieces; but hardly a trace of the old magic that made an instant conquest of the English reading world. It is sad but true that Kipling can write only one story these days—the story of the Man Who Survived Himself!

WHEN will foolish people stop writing and more foolish editors stop publishing yarns about the eccentricities of Whistler? What profit is there, to take one instance out of hundreds, in those reminiscences of the late Mr. Chase, first published in the *Century*? What sane-minded person does not finish the reading thereof (if he gets to the end) with a sharp dislike and a hearty contempt for Whistler the *poseur*? Mr. Chase found him insupportable—why did he attempt to inflict upon sensitive persons the exact measure of his own sufferings? For he has given us not the grave portrait of an artist who created imperishable work, but rather the "biograph" of a man-monkey. We are told that he made up like a careful actor when he wished to surprise by his appearance, dazzle by his wit, and insult by his ill-breeding. Good heavens, that wit of Whistler's! How it has been exaggerated and rung upon by all the penny-a-liners! And what did it amount to? A few very thin epigrams applauded by a lot of heavy journalists and near-wits as the "true Attic salt." The painter-fellows like to believe that he squelched Oscar Wilde, the most brilliant talker of his generation—it redounds to the honour of the brush, don't you know!

There was once a tradition of sense, and even some small wit, among the painters. Whistler's admirers and appreciators, *du métier*, are doing but little to revive it.

POETRY is essentially a more artificial mode of expression than prose, and hence the public hatred of it, save in the form of songs or ballads. Few people, even few poets, care to read poetry, but a great hypocrisy is prevalent as to this matter, since to confess so much would seem to limit one's claims to culture and poetic taste. The testimony of the bookstalls is, however, overwhelming and so is that of not a few publishers, who make poets nowadays pay for bringing out their works. Ultimately, perhaps, every modern poet will be remembered, if at all, by his prose. I re-read Byron's letters the other day (he hated poetry himself, by the bye), and thought them the best and most living of his works, not excepting the early cantos of "Don Juan." It therefore behooves every poet to pay great attention to his prose, if he would be remembered beyond his own brief day.

BORROW's "Lavengro" is certainly not a classic, though it may be entitled to a place among the more or less unreadable curiosities of literature, like the elder Disraeli's neglected work, now itself a curiosity. I have never been able to get through Borrow's book, in spite of a strong taste for picaresque literature. The author always talks me to sleep in a chapter or so. He is too much the pedant, and a self-made pedant at that, to tell a good story. There are, for me at any rate, only one or two readable episodes in the entire book—perhaps just one, the fight in Mumper's Dingle; while the merit even of this has been much exaggerated. For the rest, his "Lavengro" is without art and lacks even the sort of vulgar interest that usually attaches to the chronicles of bagmen. No writer ever talked so much about himself with so slight a warrant: the reader perforce moves away from him as from an importunate beggar. He has neither true learning, nor style, nor story, nor valuable observation, nor philosophy of life. His besetting dread of Jesuitry and the Romish Church is worthy of a Devonshire peasant in the days of Monmouth. In a word, he is not so much a shallow scoundrel as what is worse, a dull one. To see Borrow in a company of classics is like seeing a flunky in masquerade as a gentleman. One's obvious duty is to show him the door.

Was there ever such a deformed talent as Browning's—a genuine talent, too, though weakened and handicapped by a most irritating self-consciousness and a repulsive literary method? Heine said that Victor Hugo's genius had a hump, like his own Quasimodo. Browning's would seem to have had a bad case of *locomotor ataxia*. Never a poet of occasional inspiration did so much bad work: that a strong man should have wasted a long life in such futile employment is truly a dispiriting thought. And Browning did even worse than this: he set up and consecrated a legend of knock-kneed verse, mere verbal obfuscation and orphic stupidity, which is still exerting its noxious influence. In strict fact both Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning took a fall out of poetry from which it has never recovered. Their enormous production, their cloying sentimentalism, and the cult of both set up by the half-baked Bella Cruscans of England and America, are still to be reckoned potent causes in the poetical depression of our time. "Thank God," said Fitzgerald, "that there will be no more 'Aurora

Leighs'!" Who that loves poetry does not thank God that there will be no more "Asolandos" and "Red Cotton Nightcap Countries," and other grotesque progeny of the Browning imagination? The wonder is that he could now and then achieve true art, in the midst of his puerile or monstrous conceptions. It is an undeniable fact that the Brownings have done more than all the poets good and bad of the last century to deepen and extend the public hatred of poetry.

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

POETRY.

THE HOUSE OF WORDS.

Homeless without that little house
Built of your words of tenderness,
That sheltered me from the carouse
Of wind and tempests' storm and stress,
That house that kept me warm;
I go
A wanderer, to and fro.

Oh, build the little house once more;
That, sheltered, I may see,
As pityingly as before,
Lone wanderers like me!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

THE TRAGIC FOES TO WINDMILLS.

The tragic foes to windmills
With dreams to sting their eyes,
Who drive their spears at windmills,
And when a comrade dies
Swear vengeance still on windmills—
The pitiful, the few
Who hurl their lives at windmills
As I do—and you—

The tireless foes to windmills
Who dream and scheme and plan
To rid of flapping windmills
The little towns of man,
Who can not see for windmills
The kind and quiet sky,
Who strain to stop the windmills
As you do—and I—

The maddened foes to windmills
Renounce food, love, and rest.
(Great is the power of windmills!
Grim is their little jest.)
Those who accept the slavery
Are less their slaves than we
Who scorn their power to rule us
And think that we are free.

The lives of all are given
To them, for if one dare
To fight, instead of serve them,
What do the windmills care?
For so they have more surely
Our thoughts, our nights and days.
(Great is the power of windmills
And subtle are their ways!)

The patient foes to windmills
Have made a brotherhood
Who fight the fight with windmills
And know the fight is good.
They speed the time when windmills
No more will flap and hum;
They die upheld by visions,
They know the dawn will come.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

AT MONTREAL.

SIRS: The changing temper of the American worker has its discernible effect upon the 1920 Convention of the American Federation of Labour, which has just completed its first week's work as this is written. This new temper is manifest not so much in any definite action as in a readiness to overrule "the machine." Two instances may be given to illustrate this readiness of the delegates for independent action. On one occasion during the week a resolution calling upon the Federation to use effort to open the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks to Negroes (who are now barred by the constitution of the Brotherhoods) was reported upon unfavourably by the central committee. The Convention was openly displeased with this decision. It heartily applauded the appeal of the coloured delegates, it received in silence the Brotherhood's explanations and showed outright resentment toward an anti-Negro speaker, and finally ordered the Federation to request the Brotherhood to make the necessary constitutional change.

Again on the question of setting up a new department of the Federation to include all food producing and distributing unions, the committee report was unfavourable. But the Convention was distinctly of another opinion and ordered a conference of the national and international unions to be held and the formation of the proposed department if these unions should be favourable to the plan. Perhaps the full import of this action does not appear on the surface at first sight. The organization of a group of national and international unions into a department permits the formation of councils of the locals of these unions, and thus provides ready machinery for local action on an industrial basis, just as the department provides it for industrial action on a national basis. As the rank and file of the unions come to demand broader and more effective action to meet the industrially organized employers, these departments (as of the building trades, metal trades, railroad and mining unions) with the local councils stand in readiness to make the will of the whole body of the rank and file effective. But the policy of the central administration of the A. F. of L. has, naturally, been opposed to any increase of such machinery, just as our national Administration opposes the accretions of influence and power which city and state bodies have been seeking to acquire.

Structurally one feels the American Federation of Labour is amply democratic. Any deficiency in this quality is not due to the Convention machinery but to insufficient democratic impulse and responsiveness upon the part of the delegates. It is a Convention of trade-union officials, the politicians of the labour movement. Probably not one delegate in twenty downed tools to come to Montreal. But as the rank and file become educated, aggressive and definite in their demands and policies, these delegates will inevitably respond. They must, or they will be kicked out. Already vague impulses from the ranks are rising up into the consciousness of officialdom. Glenn E. Plumb, who was unanimously invited to address the Convention, was listened to with close attention and given a significant response, and Frank Walsh's Irish meeting was a joyous, cheering, explosive affair that would have gladdened the heart of any Sein Feiner.

Whatever may happen at next week's sessions the past week has shown that the trade-union movement of America is coming to see the place it must occupy in the future economic government of the continent.

Montreal, Canada, 13 June.

EDWIN NEWDICK.

GULLIVER AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS.

SIRS: Really the time has come for someone to utter an emphatic protest—and who could do so more effectively or more pungently than the *Freeman*?—at the grievous wrong that is being done to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. The facts are these: Two statues of Lincoln have lately been presented by certain worthy Americans to the estimable citizens of Manchester and London; the Manchester statue is the famous Barnard Lincoln and the other, shortly to be set up under the walls of Parliament, is the no less famous work of St. Gaudens. So far, so good. But it seems that statues when presented to cities must be formally unveiled and that is what I am complaining about. Whom do we send over to represent this country and to enlighten the English as to the quality and character of Abraham Lincoln? To Manchester, of all places, we sent the Hon. Alton B.

Parker of all men; and now in London, it is Mr. Elihu Root who is to introduce one whose shoes he is not, in my opinion at least, worthy to unloose. I can not help speaking thus bitterly because I had the painful experience of listening one hot summer's day a year ago in one of Manchester's dreary parks to the egregious Mr. Parker dilate at great length and to his own enormous satisfaction, upon Lincoln and Washington, the Civil War and the American Constitution and goodness knows what else besides. And now Mr. Root is to be the spokesman in London! Why may not we send one of our real men—one who might have stood up in Lincoln's own presence and looked him in the eye and clasped his hand—such a man as Andy Furuseth, or Max Eastman or 'Gene Debs—let out as a "trustee" for the occasion. I am, etc.,

M. D.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

SIRS: Discussing the wisdom of Jan Smuts in your last issue you mention the words "veldt, kopje and laager" and slightly add "whatever those are." It seems regrettable that the language of the Mother Country should have fallen into such decay among the people of this city, but for your private benefit I will state that "veldt" means that vast expanse of open fields across which a certain Empire chased a couple of thousand uncouth farmers for a couple of years; that "kopje" indicates an elevation among the "veldt" from the top of which you pot Britishers whenever the season is open; and that the "laager" is the camp whitherward you return to gain strength for the next day's sport. I am, etc.,

New York.

HENDRIK WILLEM.

TO MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY ALUMNI.

SIRS: There may be among your readers a number of former graduates or students of Owens College and the University of Manchester. Will you permit me to inform them—if they have not heard of it already—of the appeal which their Alma Mater is making for an endowment fund with which to equip the University to carry on its great work. Already a large portion of the sum asked for, £500,000, has been given by members and friends of the University scattered throughout the Empire. Recently a special appeal for financial help has been addressed by the University authorities not only to former students now resident in this country, but to all Anglo-Americans who are seeking to strengthen the bonds of friendship between their two countries. A Committee of Manchester University alumni has lately been formed in New York with a view to acting in this matter. The undersigned will be glad to answer any enquiries. I am, etc.,

576 Fifth Avenue. New York City.

I. L. KANDEL, 1902.

MILL ON INTOLERANCE.

SIRS: By rare good fortune I find myself just now at truce with the world for the space of an academic holiday. I have escaped the multitude—not by going anywhere, but by staying behind in this silent manufactory of degrees when master and apprentices marched away. And now I have settled down in a quiet corner of the university library for a reading of Mill's "Principles of Political Economy."

It is an impressive book, very solidly built; and there is one chapter in particular that I should like to recommend to the attention of your readers—the chapter on "Interferences of Government Grounded on Erroneous Theories." In this chapter, Mill discusses the errors of protectionism, monopoly grants, price limitation, the fixing of the interest-rate, and the prohibition of labour combinations. Then he says:

Among the modes of undue exercise of the power of government, on which I have commented in this chapter, I have included only such as rest on theories which have still more or less footing in the most enlightened countries. . . . The notion for example that a government should choose opinions for the people, and should not suffer any doctrines in politics, morals, law, or religion, but such as it approves, to be printed or publicly professed, may be said to be altogether abandoned as a general thesis. It is now well understood that a regime of this sort is fatal to all prosperity, even of an economical kind: that the human mind, when prevented either by fear of the law or by fear of opinion from exercising its faculties freely on the most important subjects, acquires a general torpidity and imbecility, by which, when they reach a certain point it is disqualified from making any considerable advances even in the common affairs of life, and which, when greater still, make it gradually lose even its previous attainments. . . . Yet although these truths are very widely recognized, and freedom both of opinion and of discussion is admitted as an axiom in all free countries, this apparent liberality and tolerance has acquired so little of the authority of a principle, that it is always ready to give way to the dread or horror inspired by some particular sort of opinions. Within the last ten or fifteen

years, several individuals have suffered imprisonment, for the public profession, sometimes in a very temperate manner, of disbelief in religion; and it is probable that both the public and the government, at the first panic which arises on the subject of Chartism or Communism, will fly to similar means for checking the propagation of democratic or anti-property doctrines. In this country, however, the effective restraints on mental freedom proceed much less from the law or the government, than from the intolerant temper of the national mind; arising no longer from even as respectable a source as bigotry or fanaticism, but rather from the general habit, both in opinion and conduct, of making adherence to custom the rule of life, and enforcing it, by social penalties, against all persons, who, without a party to back them assert their individual independence.

The very association of the words "Chartist" and "Communist" suggests the deadly parallel between intolerant England seventy-two years ago and intolerant America to-day. The theoretical foundation was cut from under the practice of repression long ago, but repression itself seems to spring eternal in human hearts and human governments. I am, etc.,

R. G.

PAINTING.

A MODERN ART EXHIBITION.

HAVING devoted many columns of text and rotogravure illustration to the international mixture of insipid or commercial painting that makes up the bulk of the exhibition of Pittsburgh, our newspapers were evidently left without space for more than a few casual words about the admirable showing of modern art which has recently closed at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. It was a mistake of editorial policy: probably not so many as ten persons have journeyed a hundred miles to Pittsburgh for the exhibition there, but not less than thousands would have been grateful for news of the pictures that were loaned for the few weeks of the Philadelphia show and of these thousands many hundreds would have made a day's excursion to see it, and their effort would have been well repaid. If it was out of the province of this journal to bring timely news of the event, at least something may be recorded here of its nature and importance.

One's feeling after a first survey of the Philadelphia exhibition is expressed in the opening sentence of a book by Elie Faure which has appeared in Paris this spring. He says: "The war in which the world is still half-plunged has taught us that we possessed an inconceivable power." A visit to this exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy inspires one with the conviction that the power seen by Elie Faure in modern life is a power that will last, that it has come out undiminished from the five-years' ordeal by fire. In 1913, at the Armory Show in New York, we saw modern art completely and at its best. The exhibition that has just closed in Philadelphia is the first in seven years to approach that remarkable initiation of the art lovers of this country into that vast current of ideas that makes the last half-century of art-history so fascinating.

It could not be expected that the Philadelphia exhibition should have the balance and completeness of the New York International of 1913, for it depended solely on the loan of pictures already in this country. And though certain collections which could have made important contributions were not represented, it speaks well for American appreciation of new ideas that the works exhibited offered an adequate survey of the past fifty years.

Chronologically the exhibition began with the Realists—with Daumier and Courbet, a magnificent example of their achievement being the "Portrait of a Man" loaned by Mr. de Zayas. Even from the small number of works in this group, one had a feeling of the accession of strength that has come to France from grappling with the realities of character and

vision. The school begins somewhat apart from those of the Classicists and Romanticists, but the two movements take up its vigour in going on towards a new evolution along their own lines.

The next period in French painting was represented in a way that left nothing to be desired. Few New Yorkers, indeed few Philadelphians, had seen the private collections that furnished the superb "Boats" of Manet, or his consummate "Head of a Spanish Woman." With some fifteen other paintings and drawings by the artist, one came to realize how his audacious brush marked the dividing line between those who tried to linger over old formulæ and those who felt the power to expand the ideas and the means of the artist, in the next decades. Even Degas, with his beautiful works at this exhibition, seems to be more the man who achieves perfections forseen in the past than one who breaks new ground.

It was interesting to see the Impressionists in their relation to the later men and in contrast with them. The works of Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and Renoir so fully summed up the contribution of their time (Cézanne's importance being perceived only later on) that it was natural to name the men who followed the Post-Impressionists. The latter go so far from the painters of light and air that they might indeed have been called the Anti-Impressionists, if the word had not seemed to group them with the dullards of the officialdom of art. Gauguin has written and painted his homage to his immediate predecessors; and of the younger men, Derain, who has indicated some of the farthest advances of modern art, began with a faithful study of the Impressionists. Their share in the bases of the art of Matisse was clearly seen in the pictures by which he was represented in this exhibition.

The Impressionist pictures assert their quality more and more as the years pass. We are almost as far from thinking of them as transitional, as mere researches into the science of light, as we are from the incompetent blame that was heaped on them in the early years. They are simply works of splendid art for us to-day, when the air is cleared of the smoke of controversy. It is even quite a few years since Duchamp-Villon observed that the judgment of the future may well be that the Impressionists did not depart far enough from the work of the past, that they gave us simply the vision of the Barbizon school in another key. For one member of the group, at least, a very high rank must always be reserved: it was with a renewed sense of the greatness of Renoir that one saw the extravagant beauty of his colour and the magic of his painting in this Philadelphia show.

I can not pause over the Rodin drawings, rich and noble as they were, or over the Gauguins or the Toulouse-Lautrecs or the marvelous Seurat, all of which have been seen recently in New York. Three Whistlers in the exhibition simply did not hold up amongst their neighbours: it was not merely that they looked blackish in colour and irresolute in drawing, it was that their artistry seemed conscious and sought for, where the search of the French painters was for the facts of sight and of thought. The devoting of an entire room to Mary Cassatt can only have been due to Philadelphia's pride in her. Unquestionably of the clan of the great painters among whom she worked, her painting has neither the strength to stand with theirs nor that peculiarly feminine note such as would have given it a distinction of its own. To express one more regret about this gathering of

fine pictures, it is a pity that there was not an important showing of the art of Odilon Redon. It was needed to illustrate the continuity of introspective art in our time, which had no other master equal to Redon in this regard. But to return to the work that made the exhibition so inspiring, there were paintings by Cézanne that carried the spectator from the beginning of the master's art to its very close. So much has been written, these past ten years, on Cézanne that it is enough to say here that fourteen of his works appeared in this exhibition.

The final proof of the vitality, of the youth of our epoch is that its art did not end with Cézanne. What is left of Florentine art after the death of Michelangelo, or of Dutch art after the death of Rembrandt? In both cases we find that imitation of the past that Rémy de Gourmont declared so truly to be the one mark of decadence. At this show one turned to Matisse, to Derain, to Picasso, to Braque, to Villon, de la Fesnaye, Gleizes, Léger, or Severini and the immediate conviction, unescapable for friend or foe alike, was that, whatever they had learned from their predecessors, they were not repeating the earlier work or seeking to repeat it.

The Matisse pictures were superb. They showed the early studies which, with all their exactitude, are as far in principle from the academic schools in which he worked, as is his painting of to-day. There was the magnificent "Nude" of twelve or fourteen years ago, when the artist may be said to have first shown the range of his power.

The grave, searching mind of Derain was shown on these walls in work whose depth of idea can not make us overlook its classic beauty of form and colour, with whatever sobriety he indulges his delight in them. The Picassos were admirable, and sufficient in number and variety to explain the man's influence on his generation. Braque's contributions were especially welcome, not alone for their great intrinsic quality, but because they made evident the richness of the idea underlying them. No one, perhaps not even the artists themselves, can say what share in the development of Cubist painting is Braque's, what share is Picasso's. In view of our increasing pleasure in the work of both men, our sense of its genuineness and stability, the point is not of vital importance. They were simply two members of a large group which knows that the supreme things of the artists just before it were not to be competed with on their own lines. The vision of the world which Cézanne, Redon and Renoir could use as the channel for their magnificences of line and colour could give no further masterpieces—at least no painter since their generation has indicated such a possibility. The number of artists in the last ten years who have been building their work on a foundation of abstract form and colour, the number of laymen—collectors or students—who have realized the new force and beauty of this art based on the existence of things before the mind as contrasted with their existence before the eye—is the best proof that the painters I have mentioned (and a few others not represented in this exhibition) are those who found out the essential idea of their time.

And these men are still young or at most in middle life. The new generation may be depended on to continue the work because, as was so splendidly clear at this exhibition, the art before the war and during the war had the power of renewal.

WALTER PACH.

MISCELLANY.

WE live on so vast a scale, in the shadow of a hundred millions, that only events of overwhelming magnitude impress us, and the things that are significant but not spectacular escape us. To the observer of the problem of so-called Americanization the incident of one hundred Swedes of the second generation sailing to visit their parents' homeland means that one people, at least, is alive to the value of perpetuating European tradition, and finds such an ambition quite consistent with loyalty to its adopted country. The Swedish Choral Club of Chicago, composed of young men and women of Swedish extraction is now sailing eastward to sing their way through Scandinavia, to see the scenes that have been described to them by their parents, and to report to those in the homeland, no less their kin though confessing another national faith. On their way to embark they stopped in New York City long enough to give an excellent concert in Carnegie Hall and to be entertained by their compatriots here. Barring some concessions to what is misnamed popular taste, their programme was varied and interesting, and suggested the sort of concerts they will give abroad. The best American compositions on it were arrangements of Negro spirituals. These they sang with no less enthusiasm than the Scandinavian music which, apparently, they cultivate liberally. Small wonder, for it is tuneful, vigorous and well made. A pretty compliment to the Chicago chorus was the welcome sung by the New York Swedish men's chorus which filled a section of the boxes. Their burst into a national song brought the audience to its feet almost automatically. They sang in Swedish—a practice that will doubtless be stopped when we go to war with Sweden—but the fact did not suggest that they thought any the less of the Stars and Stripes because of it.

THERE was nothing in the appearance of the Chicago chorus that suggested anything but one hundred per cent Americans. Some of them were blonde, and most of the women had good complexions of their own; otherwise they looked like any other native group. They had dignity, poise and reserve, resembling very much the audience—largely Swedes—who were enthusiastic without being demonstrative. To an American they seemed cool, but that impression was dispelled by conversation with Swedes who were present. An interesting comparison presented itself in the singing of "Union and Liberty" by Parker and a song by Stenhammer. The first named, obviously constructed in the manner of national anthems, is laboured and uninspired and will never break through the boundaries of choral society literature. The other was written because it had to be written—a fervent, simple adoration of *Sverige*, charged with sincerity. The Swedes say that at official functions their old-time national hymn is sung, but that when Swedes gather together to express their patriotic joy they break into Stenhammer's song quite spontaneously. Thus a contemporaneous song has been adopted by a whole people.

COGITATING upon patriotism, the unostentatious display of a Swedish and an American flag, side by side, recalled to my mind the Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a few weeks ago. The people there entered the church after hearing the trombones play chorales from the tower; the reverence for Bach was intensified by the solemn thought that this tribute to his genius was to be paid in an edifice dedicated to the worship of God. But what the audience saw caused some of them to wonder: conspicuously displayed were American, British and French flags. (Just why Signor Nitti's flag was omitted when Messrs. Clemenceau's and Lloyd George's were there, was not explained. And where was Bach's flag?) Scarcely had amazement given way to amusement when the conductor signalled the chorus to rise: then he made a similar gesture to the audience

which also rose. And then—chorus, audience, organ and orchestra, *fortissimo*, emitted, belched, bellowed, the "Star Spangled Banner." To me, somehow, that supplied the key to these Schwab-Bach festivals. Americanize Bach and the steel-workers by the same stroke! Don't let Bethlehem know that the war is over! Threaten the men and women subtly with the national anthem; show them that its potency is such that even the greatest of all music, hallowed by a sacred place, is subject to it! Which were the better Americans, I asked myself; the Steel people or the Swedes?

BEFORE the war it used to be popular in Europe for municipal administrators and engineers to make visits of inspection to foreign cities. There was an active interchange of good ideas and a reciprocity of good feelings throughout Europe. All that is over now, for we are enjoying the fruits of a war to preserve civilization, but should we ever revive this barbarous *ante-bellum* custom, I suggest that the Park Commissioner of New York should pay a visit to London.

THERE are points about the care and use of public parks on which London can give New York, and most other American cities, the proverbial cards and spades. I do not refer to the splendours of some unique London "show-place": I mean all the parks in London, from the one that edges the crowded borough of Battersea to that which spreads like a green carpet before the gates of Buckingham Palace. We can learn much, to begin with, about the proper culture of parks. In New York we are desperately afraid to encourage the growth of flowers, and except for a mean little bed to border an occasional hummock, or the Shakespeare Garden that blooms timidly among the rocks under the Belvidere, Central Park does not gladden the eye frequently with a riot of colour. Why then should we not take a seed or two from London's nursery of experience? London parks are a floral festival in spring, with pink and white hawthorn, with tulips, with rhododendrons, and with a host of other flowers that no cockney New Yorker can properly name. Lilac and laburnum—good names to taste upon the tongue—are plentiful too. The common man, as well as the poet, can not help being gay in such a jocund company.

BUT that is not all; they do not merely know how to lay out parks in London and how to care for the flowers, trees, and shrubs: they actually know how to use them. There is a fine convention under which it is agreed that London parks exist to be enjoyed not alone by those who, for instance, can gallop their horses on Rotten Row, but by Bill and Tom and Liz and you and me. Everybody knows how proud the Englishman is of English turf: everyone knows how he cherishes it as though it were a fine Axminster carpet. But the Englishman seems to hold, curiously enough, that if you are keenly to enjoy the quality of an English lawn you must not merely look upon it—you must walk on it: you must feel the resilient give of it: you must lie down on it: you must bask on it: you must read your newspaper on it while the twilight of the summer evening lasts: and above all you must be free to wander vagrantly over the wide expanse of it. But how painful it would be for the Lord High Protectors of New York's Central Park to see the thousands of common folk that crowd over the lawns in Hyde Park, for instance, on a spring evening. And how excruciating for them to discover the next morning that the turf was still there, and still green, and still good to be used. How awful to think of this daily invasion of the parks by Tom and Bill and Liz and you and me! Is that what Central Park was designed for by the elder Olmstead? Surely, surely not.

AND there is another minor point which our American visitors would do well to ponder. In keeping with the

practice of throwing open the lawns and meadows to the vulgar, invasive hoofs of pedestrians, little chairs are provided, at a penny a day, for those who care to halt in their wanderings. I do not know whether even such a minor charge is advisable in a public park, except as a pension dodge for old soldiers, but I do know that it is a satisfaction always to be sure of a seat without having to wander miles to find it. At all events these chairs are supplementary to the ordinary benches that are provided gratis, as in the American parks. There is an air of quaint invitation about the lawns of a London park with these little seats, mere adumbrations of a chair, scattered over them in fine disarray. These chairs are generally arranged in twos and threes, and each couple is placed at a discreet distance, beyond eavesdropping, from its neighbours. The shameless intimacy of this must be altogether delightful, I fancy, to a couple of young lovers. If a wide vista of grass, and the chirruping of birds in the tree-tops, and the sound of distant music, and the slow mellowing darkness of twilight can make two lovers feel more completely one, then the essential conditions for their happiness are richly provided in the typical London park. But surely—I hear the indignant rasp of New York's Lord High Park Protectors—the elder Olmstead did not design Central Park to suit the puppy sentiments of a pair of silly youngsters. No: indeed no. And that is why you will find the spirit of youth in New York loitering on the streets in the shadow of the brothel, whilst Central Park preserves its virginity.

JOURNEYMAN.

MUSIC.

COMING EVENTS.

MUSIC lovers in America will rejoice to learn that Willem Mengelberg, who has conducted the Amsterdam Orchestra for twenty-five years, gave a Mahler festival last month which was exceptionally successful. This tribute to Mahler reveals a desire to fix his place among the great symphonists of the world. In this country we at one time cherished the symphony, and there is no reason why we should not regain the position in musical standards we held in the days of Seidl and Thomas. Mahler's works have of late years been included in many of our programmes. The Philadelphia orchestra gave us the tremendous Eighth Symphony; Chicago too, under the leadership of Frederick Stock, performed it with great success. I heard the same orchestra perform the Fourth and marvelled as I listened why we should have had at one time so much of Strauss and so little of Mahler. It may be heresy to say that I have always believed Mahler to be the greater symphonist of the two, that his genius seemed to be higher and deeper. Twenty years ago in Vienna I was laughed at for saying that Mahler was at his best as fundamental as the old masters. And now that Mengelberg is coming to America I sincerely hope that Mahler's works will be heard more frequently. Who knows, perhaps New York may enjoy a Mahler festival. Entirely apart from his genius as a composer it seems to me that New York is under a heavy debt to Mahler the conductor. A recital of his symphonies would give those who benefited by his work at the Metropolitan a chance to express their gratitude for what he did for music in this country.

AT the Mahler festival in Amsterdam the audience seems to have been possessed by the same feeling that pervades the audience at Bayreuth. Reports tell of the rapt attention, the musical understanding, the spirit of exaltation, noticeable in the three thousand people who gathered in the lofty hall of the *Concertgebouw*. The orchestra was composed of one hundred and fifty-eight players. That consummate artist, Gertrude Förstell, of Leipzig, sang the solo of the last movement of the Fourth Symphony, that marvellous scheme of musical loveliness in which genius, pursued by the hard realities of existence,

is forever striving upward to love and beauty. It is interesting to recall that it was Miss Förstell who sang in that same symphony when it was given in Vienna under the direction of Mahler.

WHAT a life was Mahler's—always the child, always the metaphysician, always the great artist. How sensitive he was, what nerves, what restless energy; what marvels he accomplished in his all too short life. I remember going with him to the Opera House in Vienna at the time when I was stage director of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden. He was to conduct "Siegfried" that night. Walking across the Ringstrasse he said to me, "I do hope the scenery will know you are present and that it will behave with discretion." Alas, the wretched cloths in the change in the third act went all awry and completely spoiled the illusion of the ascent of Siegfried up the mountain, and a ragged piece of scenery hung swaying over the head of Siegfried while he gazed upon the sleeping Brünnhilde. When I saw Mahler the next day at lunch, he smiled rather sadly and said, "It hurts me when anything happens that takes the attention away from the music. Nothing should break the spell." It is good to know that Mengelberg is coming to visit us in America and that we shall have a conductor who will bring us in closer touch with Mahler, and perhaps teach us to know more of his great worth. F. N.

THE seasonal preannouncements of the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies contain no remarkable novelties in respect of either operas or artists. The big New York organization will revive another old opera by Verdi, "Don Carlos," which was played at the Academy of Music about forty years ago and then shelved. It may turn out to be another "Forza del Destino," for Verdi thought it worth while to revise it, and it will be this version which will be given at the Metropolitan. Three or four Wagner revivals and one or two additions to the scanty French repertory of no particular interest at present comprise the "novelties" promised by Director Gatti-Cassaza, who may, however, bring back from Italy something new. The Wagner operas are to be sung in English, which, after the "Parsifal" experiment of last season, brings no satisfaction. English at the Metropolitan sounds uncommonly like a foreign tongue. No new American opera is named, but Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night" is to be heard again, a recognition which it merits, albeit the libretto is as weak and banal as the French source is the reverse. Which prompts the reflection that five times out of six American operas are ruined by their librettos. The chief satisfaction to be derived from the revival of Hadley's opera is that it will permit the superb scenery painted by Norman Geddes to be seen again. Much of the effect of this scenery was spoiled last season by some of the principals being permitted to substitute gaudy, conventional and inartistic costumes for those designed by Geddes. A *prima donna*, especially when she happens to be the wife of the director, is permitted a great deal of latitude, and art sometimes suffers severely in consequence. What a great pity that Geddes and Robert Edmond Jones—geniuses both—have not theatres of their own, like Reinhardt, in which to work out their designs without let or hindrance from the blind and incompetent.

ONE misses the Campanini touch in the Chicago Company's preliminary announcement for next season. Apart from the production of Marinuzzi's "Jacquerie," and Prokofiev's "Love of the Three Oranges," both promised last season by Campanini, but postponed because they could not be made ready in time, there is little to interest the seeker after artistic sustenance. There will be two or three Wagner revivals, including "Lohengrin," with the matchless Raisa as Elsa, possibly the revival of an archaic opera by Gluck or Spontini, *et voila tout!* It is stated that the artistic direction will devolve on Gino Marinuzzi, a conductor of marked ability, selected by

Campanini himself as his "logical successor," to use the late *Maestro's* own words. Marinuzzi's abilities as an artistic director of grand opera have yet to be demonstrated, but having had the opportunity of observing him closely at rehearsal I have my doubts. Certainly his attitude towards the scenic and sartorial designs for his own opera "Jacquerie" last season was not encouraging, and stamped him as a literalist. The business management of the Chicago Company will remain in the hands of Herbert Johnson, a shrewd, unimaginative commercial man, who needs the influence of a Campanini, for his tendency is to provincialize the organization and to regard it as big touring affair on the lines of Barnum and Bailey. Not even Campanini himself was able to relieve the Chicago company of this taint, and thus New York habitués are always rather "sniffy" with respect to the Chicago enterprise. This was most in evidence last season, when Mr. Johnson stood alone, except for the financial and moral support of the ever faithful Mr. Harold McCormick. Next season the Chicagoans will play at the Manhattan Opera House, and not at the Lexington Theatre, which is scarcely a change for the better. It may be hoped the management will make better use of that fine artist Edward Johnson, who had no opportunity in New York last season of proving his real worth. To compel him to appear in that lewd operatic travesty "Aphrodite," by Erlanger, was a prostitution of his fine talent. Many in this country have yet to learn that as Eduardo di Giovanni he is to-day Italy's most favoured tenor, while his performance at La Scala stamped him as a great Parsifal. J. H.

BOOKS.

LOWELL AT HIS BEST.

THE new volume of Lowell's posthumous essays¹ reminds us in rather a startling way that the reputation of our old literary worthies has ceased to be a vested interest and has passed into the hands of the sceptical and irreverent young. This volume bears the orthodox publishing imprint; it is, in fact, an unusually elegant production of the Riverside Press. But it is edited by the author of a book as remote as possible from the true Brahminian line, a book the very title of which, "The Erotic Motive in Literature," would have been abhorrent to the Boston even of thirty years ago. Lowell at the mercy of a Freudian, and with the sanction of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin! Times have changed indeed. And times have changed when a Riverside preface urges that the reader of Sandburg and Masters may without inconsistency enjoy Longfellow and Whittier *also*. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Mordell in no way obtrudes a heretical point of view. He has brought together a surprising number of uncollected essays and reviews by Lowell. What is even more surprising in a collection of this kind is that it reveals its author at his best.

It was only the other day that a lady, a poet and critic of poetry who has made the name of Lowell as illustrious in our generation as it was a generation ago, referred to her kinsman, the author of "Among My Books," as rather a cultivated gentleman than a creator whose work deserves the attention of posterity. There is enough truth in the remark to explain the quite unreasonable resentment that many of us have been inclined to visit upon Lowell for not being the critic we feel that some American ought to have been and that no other American could have been but he. Our case might, we feel, have been very different to-day, if, during the last half century, a critical mind of Lowell's distinction had been bent upon shaping a literature in the United States. That Lowell was not the friend of the creative spirit in America whenever it assumed characteristic, that is to say, non-English, non-traditional forms, we know from his marked hostility to Thoreau, his

¹"The Function of the Poet and Other Essays." James Russell Lowell. Collected and edited by Albert Mordell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

tempered irritation with Emerson. It might be inferred from several passages in the present volume, as, for example, the following:

One of the dreams of our earlier horoscope-mongers was, that a poet should come out of the West, fashioned on a scale somewhat proportioned to our geographical pretensions. Our rivers, forests, mountains, cataracts, prairies, and inland seas were to find in him their antitype and voice. Shaggy he was to be, brown-fisted, careless of proprieties, unhampered by tradition, his Pegasus of the half-horse, half-alligator breed. By him at last the epic of the New World was to be fitly sung, the great tragi-comedy of democracy put upon the stage for all time. It was a cheap vision, for it cost no thought and, like all judicious prophecy, it muffled itself from criticism in the loose drapery of its terms. Till the advent of this splendid apparition, who shall dare affirm positively that he would never come; that indeed, he was impossible? And yet his impossibility was demonstrable, nevertheless.

There is an unmistakable animus here, one that suggests indeed a prejudgment of the very notion of an independent American literature. Was Lowell thinking of Walt Whitman, whose name he mentions elsewhere—in quotation marks—and to whom he seems to refer later in the phrase “sham-shaggy satyr of masquerade”?

A “creative critic” in short, Mr. Mordell notwithstanding, Lowell precisely was not. He was not, as the creative critic is, the cause of life in others. He was an accomplished and urbane professor of *belles lettres* whose function, as he conceived it, was to give young gentlemen an added grace of art. He was as oblivious of the vital forces that were coming to birth around him as that other colonial scholar, Professor Dowden of Dublin: fresh and original as his perceptions were, his critical point of view was a survival from a previous age in England. While even Matthew Arnold was conscientiously doing his best to keep up with Sainte-Beuve and Taine and Renan, Lowell's complacent and rather frivolous mind, when it was not sipping and savouring literature with the enthusiastic, adolescent gusto of a Hazlitt, was still engaged in the metaphysical paper-chase that so delighted Coleridge and the German Romantics. The distinction between reason and understanding, between humour and wit, the nature of the imagination; such, on a purely presumptive basis, are the themes that largely occupy him in these papers. He followed the familiar grooves, he never felt the urgency of reinterpreting, for his own time and place, the values, as distinguished from the phenomena, of literature.

But if Lowell has little to offer a generation which, like ours, expects from literature the very bread of life, he has virtues our contemporary criticism singularly lacks. He has the judgment we gladly dispense with and the verbal felicity we despise, for the lack of which the future will despise and dispense with most of us. If, apropos of Dickens and Thackeray, he falls into the rut of an antithesis that all the world has parroted, he speaks of Poe (in 1845) and of the dawning talents of Howells and James with a grasp, an insight, an authority one might have expected him to bring only to established reputations. Here speaking of James, he utters a comment less grateful to the official ear now even than it was fifty years ago: “It is no real paradox to affirm that a man's love of his country may often be gauged by his disgust at it.” It is mainly, in fact, as a master of the phrase that Lowell appeals to us now. His writing has, for better and for worse, what he said Thackeray's had, “the highest charm of gentlemanly conversation.”

SHORTER NOTICES.

THIS¹ is the inaugural address delivered by Sir William Osler a few months before his death, as president of the British Classical Association. It is a pregnant, witty and humane discussion of the interdependence of the two branches of learning. Osler reveals himself here as a physician of the line of Sir Thomas Browne and the scholar-philosophers of the Renaissance: great will be the surprise

¹ “The Old Humanites and the New Science.” Sir William Osler. Houghton Mifflin Co.

of most of his readers, great, one gathers, was the surprise of many of his audience, to learn that Hippocrates and Theophrastus, among others, are living forces in medicine and biology and that Lucretius's description of the storm of atoms “might be transferred verbatim to the accounts of Poincaré or of Arrhenius of the growth of new celestial bodies in the Milky Way.” Osler's special fear was of the fragmentation of modern science and of the dehumanization that has followed it: his special hope, the hope he expresses so winningly in these pages, was for an imaginative return to the living sources of knowledge before the break in the Humanities occurred.

HERE is one² of those books that show us in how true a sense war can be called an upper-class sport. The Comtesse de Bryas is a young, gay and extremely charming person—she reveals it on every page by telling what happened to her; and it would certainly be unjust to say, as she says, that it was all “fun” travelling about America, “like a theatrical star,” speaking for a Liberty loan. Nevertheless, it is chiefly the sensation of the enjoyment of her own magnetic power that disengages itself from these pages: “America” simply isn't anywhere. In fact, to the reviewer the chief interest of the book lies in its revelations of that quaint, that endlessly entertaining and preposterous entity, the fashionable mind. One discovers that “apparently all” American women are lovely and that their profiles are Grecian and statuesque; one learns that, in the war, young girls in certain boarding schools “patriotically polished one another's shoes, in order to give the fifteen cents to the Red Cross”; one hears that, whereas in France, according to the author, the workingman will not listen to any speaker who is not an advanced socialist, the American workingman is ready to murmur, when addressed by a fascinating young Frenchwoman, “God bless you, my dear little lady, and God bless your brave country.” The Countess confesses to a belief that “the best form of government for periods of unrest is that of a monarchy administered by a clever, though broad-minded tyrant.”

THERE is plenty of whimsicality in the literary market. Most of it, unfortunately, has that note of the facetious spinster which the New England magazines have made so famous. Mr. Clarence Day's whimsicality is quite virile; it is the expression of a naturally ingenuous mind; “innocent” in the Nietzschean sense and not incapable of a certain gentle philosophic malice. In “This Simian World”³ Mr. Day invades the animal kingdom in the spirit of La Fontaine in order to discover man; his aim is to aid in the dissemination of a realistic view of life.

Are we or are we not Simians? [he asks]. It is no use for any man to try to think anything else out until he has decided first of all where he stands on that question. . . . If we are fallen angels, we should go this road: if we are super-apes, that.

Mr. Day entertains the question, but not too long; he not only asserts that we are Simians, he points out the danger of becoming under-simianized: “Look at Mrs. Humphry Ward and George Washington. Worthy souls, but no flavour.” And he then shows how the decision bears upon education, politics, industry, etc., the right line in each case being that which is most congruous with our own nature and best fitted to develop it. Mr. Day is at his cleverest in his account of natural selection. He surveys the possibilities of all the other animals, suggests what the world would have been like if the cats, the pigs or the elephants had become the masters and created a feline, a porcine or an elephantine civilization, and shows why the Simians won the race. In effect, he draws an ethic from Darwinism, one that compares more than favourably with Herbert Spencer's.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

I HAVE made my first acquaintance with Peck's Bad Boy. I had often heard of this vulgar classic, and the announcement of a new edition of little Henner's adventures in Europe stirred me, for it is not often nowadays that one gets a frank and genuine folk-expression from the American hinterland. “Peck's Bad Boy Abroad” (Chicago: Stanton and Van Vliet Co.) is in fact a veritable document for those who desire to “see American first.” It is in certain respects a revelation of the homespun mind in decay.

² “A Frenchwoman's Impressions of America.” Comtesse Madeleine de Bryas and Jacqueline de Bryas. The Century Co.

³ “This Simian World.” Clarence Day, Jr. With illustrations by the author. Alfred A. Knopf.

HENNERY appears on the scene slapping his uncle on the back and addressing him as "you old geezer." This may be said to set the key of the book, for it is Hennery's virtue, according to the title-page, to Provide Fun No Matter Where He Is. It goes without saying that he finds Europe easy, almost as easy as his own Dad, whose Pants offer a perennial opportunity for the practical joke. Hennery is by no means without the sentiment of respect: it does not seem to occur to him, for instance, to play a joke on the Rock of Gibraltar, the Eiffel Tower or Mount Vesuvius. On the whole, however, he displays the negligent self-confidence one might expect from the scion of a land that can lick all creation. Kings in particular he treats quite as members of the family, opening a bottle of fleas over the Kaiser and presenting the Spanish Majesty with a piece of candy filled with cayenne pepper. There are moments indeed when the Bad Boy seems rather desperately put to it to live up to his reputation and keep the hot time going. But it is never for any want of ginger in himself. As for his sophistication, it is really as surprising as his humour. How familiarly he refers to the Keeley cure! And how knowing he is about women! "When it comes to women," he writes to his uncle, "your little Hennery don't know the game at all." One would not have guessed just that. He never fails to note that "when a woman passes along, Dad's eyes begin to take turns winking at them," and he assures his father that there is "plenty of low neck and long stockings" in the Catcombs. Hennery, in short, is a little boy we have all met once and hoped to meet possibly once more—in the morgue.

BUT let us cultivate patience. There is much to be learned from this book, and some of it is reassuring. The Pecks are our fellow-countrymen and their hearts are in the right place:

Dad said [to King Edward] he never would consent to America and Great Britain getting together to fight any country until Ireland got justice and was ready to come into camp on an equality.

Dad has given up trying to see the Czar about stopping the war [the Japanese war] and says the Czar and the whole bunch can go plumb to the devil and he will die with the mob and follow a priest who is stirring the people to revolt.

Dad got his foot in it by talking about the blowing up of the Maine, and looking saucy, as though he was going to get even with the Spaniards, but he found that every Spaniard was as sorry for that accident as we were, and they would take off their hats when the Maine was mentioned, and look pained and heart-sick. I tell you the Spaniards are about as good people as you will find anywhere, etc.

There we have sound enough doctrine, and even when the Pecks spread the eagle they convey, in their innocent *blague*, no hint of the solemn asininity of a Chosen Race:

We went to see the king [of Spain], because he is such a young boy, and Dad thought it would encourage the ruler to see an American statesman, and to mingle with an American boy who could give him cards and spades, etc. I told Dad that what he wanted to do was to tell the Turks that Dad represented the American people, and had a communication to make to the Sultan personally, which would make him rich and happy.

Finally they looked at the great seal on our passports and saw it was an American document, and they began to turn pale, as pale as a Russian can get without using soap.

Who would not be glad to have had his rustic forbears hold their heads at this lofty, absurd and perfectly inoffensive angle? The Pecks' Europe is the Europe of "The Innocents Abroad," the standardized Europe of the old-fashioned country newspaper. Its chief points of interest, one is not surprised to find, are William Waldorf Astor (represented as smoking his Missouri corn-cob on the front porch of his palace and "wishing he was back home in America"), King Edward ("you

would think he was a good, common citizen, after working hours"), Monte Carlo, Mount Vesuvius and the Kaiser's moustache.

AND who can find it in his heart to resent the Pecks' disparagement of the Old World? They can not praise the Rialto without reminding their readers that it wouldn't hold up a threshing-machine half as well as an iron bridge. They are eager for us to know that the water of the Venetian canals smells of long dead clams and that the odour of a mess of sauerkraut, Limburger cheese and rotten potatoes is nothing to the odour of Naples. This attitude of the American tourist has always distressed the Culture-Philistines, who can not even feel the pathos in it; for no one would disparage a beautiful civilization except to console himself for inhabiting an ugly one. The Pecks are so eager to reassure themselves that their own land really is under the eagle's wing, that its bridges have points even if they are not Rialtos and its villages have a better air than Naples even if they have so little else! "If you ever travel abroad," they write, with a certain disregard of syntax, "you will find that there is no fun anywhere except in America unless you make it or buy it." They will not even admit to themselves that they are having the time of their lives precisely because they are not at home. Let them run down Europe all they like: whenever they write, "Don't tell Ma," they are unconsciously praising the freedom and beauty of Europe itself and damning the repression and the unloveliness of America. If I have any quarrel with them it is that by failing to let the cat out of the bag they and their kind have prevented us from taking any pains to make America less unlovely.

I AM defending the Pecks but it is the Pecks generically. With Hennery I can not away. No habit of upholding the victims of Poor Richard's morality could make me abide this odious child; and I ask myself: By what singular process of race selection can such a type have come to the top? His admirers may imagine that he belongs to the stirps of Huckleberry Finn. He may be a cousin of Penrod but he shares none of the blood of the little poet of the Mississippi. Well, perhaps I exaggerate, perhaps it is only that Hennery is in a false position, and that Huck Finn would have lost his halo if he had been dragged about European hotels by a prosperous father as interested as the Hon. George W. Peck in low necks and long stockings on the sly. Hennery shares with Huck, we learn incidentally, that love for the swimming-hole and the water-barrel, for old clothes and bad grammar and general disreputableness, the nostalgia for the primitive savage state that survives in the typical grown-up American male, who is never happy till he gets his collar off and roughs it. Does this atavism mean that the up-to-date American has not yet broken with his backwoods past, or that he has so far failed to construct a civilization to which he can give his full allegiance? We have here probably two aspects of the same fact. But Hennery, peculiarly as a Bad boy, is also a race type and a specialized product as well, and what was the race thinking about when it produced him? Business. That shrewdness, that slyness, that knowingness, that withering cynicism would never have been allowed to develop in a country without a Wall Street. Hennery's infancy, as it spreads itself over the pages of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," is the first of the seven ages that culminate in the Tired Business Man.

I RECOMMEND the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Life Immovable," by Kostas Palamas. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

"Windmills: a Book of Fables," by Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"Arthur Hugh Clough," by William Ingley Osborne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ONE test of a paper's influence is the extent to which it is quoted and referred to by its contemporaries. Recently, in a single week, the New York *Evening Post* printed three extracts from the FREEMAN on its editorial page. The articles thus republished in whole or in part were the one on P. T. Barnum from "A Reviewer's Note Book," Mr. Scheffauer's "The Machine as Slave and Master," and "That Guy Pythagoras."

The *Literary Digest* has several times reprinted our articles for the benefit of its vast audience; a Salt Lake City paper reproduced a poem from our columns, and metropolitan dailies have employed the FREEMAN'S utterances as texts for editorial comment.

Though we were not born, like Lao-tsze, white haired, at the age of seventy, we seem to have leaped lightly over the customary infancy and adolescence of most publications, into the centre of maturity. If we judge ourselves by the implied opinion of our colleagues, the written opinion of our generous subscribers who so refreshingly tell us of their pleasure, and the statements of newsdealers who reflect the temper of their customers, the FREEMAN is a success.

But it is no part of our plan to rest on the laurels of fifteen good numbers. Neither do we intend to throw aside our reserve and make big promises. All that we say is that the FREEMAN will continue to give you joy and new life. We make no bones of asking your assistance, even beyond subscribing for yourself, if you are not now a subscriber. We want names, *encore* names, *toujours* names, of jaded citizens weary of buncombe and eager for right thinking on fundamentals. There are a million Americans who ought to be reading the FREEMAN, and some of them ride in on the train with you, or play golf with you, or talk politics with you. Who are they? We want to make a present of a copy of the FREEMAN to them this week.

*The FREEMAN costs 15 cents at hotels, book stores and news stands.
If you have tried vainly to purchase it, will you not send us the name and address of the dealer who was unable to serve you?*

WHY NOT INSURE THE REGULAR DELIVERY OF
THE FREEMAN TO YOUR HOME BY SUBSCRIBING?

THE FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huebsch, *President*, 32 West 58th street, New York City.

- I enclose \$1.00 to test THE FREEMAN for ten weeks.
- I enclose \$3.00* to pay for THE FREEMAN for 26 weeks.
- I enclose \$6.00† to pay for THE FREEMAN for 52 weeks.

Name
Street
City and State.....

* \$3.25 in Canada; \$3.50 elsewhere. † \$6.50 in Canada; \$7.00 elsewhere. F. 6. 23.